

In this issue of The Outlook

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*Count Leo Tolstoy,
Son of the
Great Novelist,*

has written two striking articles for The Outlook on the aftermath of the Russian Revolution and the harvest which Russia has reaped from the theories of her doctrinaires. The first of these will be published in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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The Outlook

Volume 145

February 2, 1927

Number 5

Mally Daugherty's Case

THE Senate of the United States may compel the attendance of witnesses.

The Supreme Court of the United States has made that decision in the case of the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate against Mally S. Daugherty. The defendant is the brother of Harry M. Daugherty, former Attorney-General of the United States. He was summoned to give testimony in the investigation of that office by the Senate select committee known as the Walsh Committee. He declined to answer the summons, an attachment was issued against him, and he was arrested in Cincinnati. He secured a writ of habeas corpus, and in the resulting trial in a United States District Court it was held that the Senate had no power to compel him to attend. It is this decision which the Supreme Court has just reversed.

The appearance of Mally S. Daugherty before the Senate committee is, perhaps, no longer of very great importance, but that fact does not render the decision less important. The authority of the Senate—and, incidentally, also of the House of Representatives—is established. The status is fixed of other witnesses who, more recently, have refused to appear in other inquiries. And a principle of law which has long been in doubt in this country is definitely laid down.

The Supreme Court decided two things: First, that the Senate or the House of Representatives has power through its own process to compel a private individual to appear before it or one of its committees in furtherance of a purpose to secure information for the purpose of legislation; and, second, that the object of the Senate in this case was to secure information for the purpose of legislation.

Incidentally, several other things were decided. The Court held that a witness may be required to appear, not merely at the bar of the Senate, but before any one of its committees, standing or select. It held that the Senate, as a continuing body, gives authority to its committees during a recess after the expiration of a Congress, and that the committee in the Daugherty case still has all of its original powers. The question of authority

to compel a witness to testify was not raised in this case, and therefore was not, as such, decided. But the statement is made in the opinion that the Senate was entitled to have Daugherty "give testimony pertinent to the inquiry, either at its bar or before the committee."

What effect this decision will have on the attitude of other witnesses wanted in other inquiries will shortly appear, no doubt. Among these witnesses are Robert E. Crowe, State's Attorney for Cook County, Illinois; Samuel E. Insull, of Chicago; and Thomas F. Cunningham, of Philadelphia. These men have refused to obey summons to appear before the "slush fund" committee, Crowe and Insull in connection with the Smith campaign in Illinois and Cunningham with the Vare campaign in Pennsylvania.

The Wilson-Vare Contest

OF the three witnesses in the "slush fund" investigation affected by the decision in the Daugherty case, Mr. Cunningham appears likely to be the first who must answer. Vare's election as Senator from Pennsylvania is contested by William B. Wilson, his Democratic opponent, and the committee to which the contest has been referred will begin work immediately after Congress adjourns on March 3. Of course, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Insull may be brought, prior to that time, before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, investigating the right of Frank L. Smith to sit as a Senator in the present Congress, but the shortness of time makes this somewhat improbable.

The Wilson-Vare contest has already assumed large proportions. It is charged against Vare that gross frauds were committed in his behalf in various parts of Pennsylvania, but particularly in Philadelphia, where in many precincts not a single Democratic vote appeared in the returns.

The Senate has taken charge of all the Philadelphia ballot-boxes, which are now stored in the Senate Office Building in Washington, awaiting the recount by the Senate Committee. The Pennsylvania authorities at first resisted the demand of the Senate for the ballot-boxes, and some court action was begun. The resistance, however, suddenly ceased, and the boxes were turned over to the Ser-

geant-at-Arms of the Senate. Possibly the decision of the Supreme Court in the Daugherty case was foreshadowed.

If the contest is to result in the seating of Wilson, the ballots of practically the entire city of Philadelphia must be thrown out in order to give him a majority. But the decision of the contest against Wilson would by no means leave a clear road for Mr. Vare to a seat in the Senate. The opposition to him is quite as pronounced as that to Frank L. Smith, whose failure to obtain a seat at the present session we discuss elsewhere. The fight on Vare and on Smith for the full term of six years will be made when the new Congress convenes, which, unless a special session should be found necessary, will not be until next December.

Shall a Bureau or Congress Determine National Policies?

THE Coolidge economy policy with regard to the Army and Navy, a policy to which the name of "cheese paring" has increasingly attached during the past few weeks, has not favorably impressed the Senate and House of Representatives. It is true that the House did, by one of the queerest alignments of recent legislative history, sustain the President in his contention that no money should be appropriated at this session for beginning work on naval cruisers. But, when the Army Appropriation Bill came up, the House, by the quite decisive majority of exactly three to one, overrode the President's—or, more technically speaking, the Budget Bureau's—recommendation that the Army should be reduced from 118,750 to 115,000 men.

And the cruiser fight was by no means ended by the victory of the nondescript forces in the House. The Senate Committee on Appropriations, not only restored the item for the beginning of construction on three authorized cruisers, but increased it from \$450,000, as it appeared in the House bill, to \$1,200,000. Leading members of the Senate Committee are convinced that the Senate will concur in the recommendation of the Committee and that it will be accepted by the House conferees. If that occurs, the cruiser battle will be to fight over again in the House, with little assurance that the Administration can

again marshal the scant majority of the first battle.

The leadership of the Administration forces in the matter of economizing by cutting down Army and Navy appropriations appeared more clearly in the feeble effort to reduce the Army. In the earlier battle over the appropriation for cruiser construction, Representative Burton stood by the President and, in a sense, led the defense forces. In the latter contest, leadership of the group of twenty-two who supported the Budget Bureau plan devolved upon La Guardia, of New York, now listed as a Republican, but until this session as a Socialist, and Blanton, of Texas, an obstreperous Democrat.

The move to override the Budget proposal originated in the subcommittee which drafted the Appropriation Bill. The test vote came on an amendment offered by Mr. La Guardia to restore the Budget figures. Mr. Blanton, supporting the La Guardia amendment, declared that "opposition to the President's program is springing from a new régime growing here on the floor," and that this new combination "wants to kick Coolidge out of the White House and put in some one else."

There may be, as Mr. Blanton said, something of a new régime in the House. If so, it is composed of the responsible elements of both parties in the House and is directed, not against President Coolidge, but against a recent tendency to put a double veto in the hands of the President with regard to appropriations legislation.

By means of Budget recommendations, if they are to be regarded as inviolable, the President may veto in advance any plan that the House of Representatives may have for making appropriations. In the main, the budget system has won approval. But, apparently, Congress has not conceded that the Bureau of the Budget may be in the position of dictator on large questions of policy. And certainly the maintenance of a rounded and well-equipped Navy and of an adequate Army is a matter of policy that ought to be determined by Congress, even if that determination has the undesirable result, sometimes, of overriding Budget items.

A Corollary of the Monroe Doctrine

SENATOR REED, of Missouri, who in his time has played many parts, has been "press agented" recently in a new rôle—that of defender of the Coolidge Administration with regard to its Nicaragua policy. That, however, is hardly

fair to Senator Reed. He is not a defender of Administrations; nor was he a defender to any large extent of the only Administration of his own political faith that has conducted affairs at Washington since he has been in the Senate.

What Senator Reed actually did was to make a brief but sound exposition of the Monroe Doctrine. True, the exposition was incidental. Senator Reed's main purpose was to excoriate Senator Heflin for his denunciation of the Knights of Columbus in connection with the Mexican trouble. His defense of the Administration, in so far as it was a defense, was therefore incidental to an incident.

By the Monroe Doctrine, Senator Reed said, the United States assumes a duty toward those European nations which it warns away from Latin America. That duty is the protection of their interests, in common with ours, in Latin-American countries. If we do not protect those interests, the Senator said, other nations will—and then we may have a war of real proportions.

Friends of Senator Reed have made it clear since the speech was delivered that he does not regard his position as identical with the Administration.

Milk from Canada

CANADIAN dairymen are disturbed by the proposal, in the form of a bill now before Congress, to regulate the importation of Canadian milk and cream into the United States.

It was about a year ago that the movement to secure this legislation began. At that time Dr. Louis I. Harris, Health Commissioner of New York City, gave wide publicity to the complaint that milk and cream of poor quality was finding its way into New York from uninspected sources. Later he made assertion that some of this milk was coming from Canada. Upon investigation the National Co-operative Milk Producers' Federation found that there were no import regulations comparable to those which many cities required farmers supplying them with milk to observe. Competent milk inspectors were sent into Canada, and reported that they found very bad conditions in some communities which were producing milk for export. The principle behind the bill now in Congress is simply this: That Canadian farmers must produce milk under sanitary conditions equally as good as those surrounding the production of American milk if they are to send it across the border into the United States.

In the interest, not only of American consumers of milk, but also of American producers of milk, it is important that the supply of milk from Canada should be held up to the same standard of purity and wholesomeness as that to which the supply of milk from American farms is required to conform. It is probable that the original form of the bill will be modified to minimize the hardship which both Canadian producers and American consumers might suffer from too rigorous and sudden application of the new standards.

Australia's New Capital

KING GEORGE V, as Duke of York, opened the Australian Parliament at Melbourne on May 9, 1901, under a Constitution that provided for the eventual building of a Federal capital in the State of New South Wales. On May 9, this year, his son, the Duke of York, will dedicate the new provisional Parliament House at Canberra, the garden capital, which is rapidly rising from a river-served plain in an amphitheater of hills one-third of the way from Sydney to Melbourne.

Canberra, like Washington, is a city by arbitrary determination. It is laid out entirely by predetermined plan—the plan, indeed, of an American, Walter Burley Griffin, of Chicago, who, before the war, won the international competition for the arrangement of the capital. The Federal territory of 900 square miles contains the city area, 12 miles. On that, the provisional Parliament House is nearing completion at the foot of the slope on the crest of which, far in the future, the final Australian Parliament House will be built. Two hotels are complete—in the bungalow style which marks the city—and a temporary Government office building. Enough residences have been built, permanent and temporary, to house the present 6,000 of population, who are engaged principally in construction operations. A dignified but unpretentious residence has been built in preparation for the Prime Minister's occupancy.

Looking well ahead, the Commonwealth has planned and largely completed the streets of the city, the sewers, the electric-light lines, a power plant, a reservoir, zoning plans. Parts of the city and the territory which were offered to the public on long-term leases in 1924 were eagerly taken up, both for business and for residences.

Washington was frequently mentioned in the formation of Australia's plan for a fiat capital. But the pupil has more advantages than the teacher. Canberra

From Mexico

(Merchant of Venice, Act III, Scene 2)

Morris in the Springfield (Massachusetts) Union



Why not?

From Mrs. John S. Struthers, Westfield, Mass.

Clubb in the Rochester Times-Union



"God made us neighbors, let justice make us friends"

Knott in the Dallas Morning News



Nicaraguan pie

From M. M. Kornfeld, Dallas, Texas

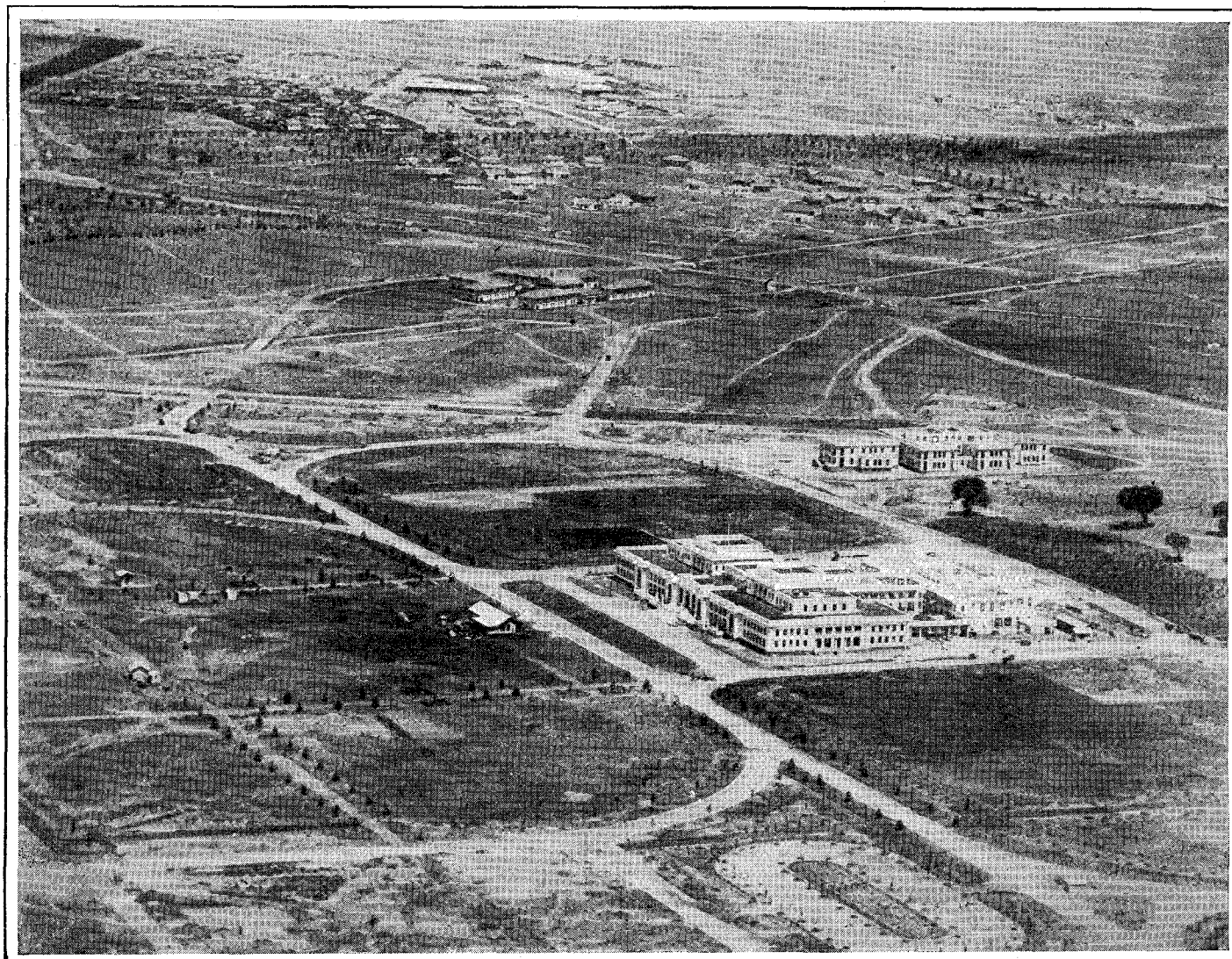
Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



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He doesn't seem to appreciate his benefactor

From Meda F. Gross, Ogden, Ill.



Wide World

Australia, like the United States, determined to make its capital a fiat city. Here are the beginnings of Canberra, a city laid out in the open country, one hundred and thirty miles southwest of Sydney

has perhaps even a better natural position than Washington, and has Washington's mistakes to profit by.

The British Liberals Sell Out to Lloyd George

THE jingle of Lloyd George's moneybags has proved too much of a temptation for the hard-up Liberal Party of Great Britain. It—or what is left of it—has accepted his leadership once more because he is able to finance a campaign. And the divisions of opinion that have followed this move seem likely to mark the end of Liberalism as a decisive force in British politics.

Lloyd George raised the funds which have put him in control of the Liberal machine by selling his controlling share in the London "Daily Chronicle." That influential paper has been both Liberal and Lloyd-Georgian in its utterances. It still is in the hands of Liberals, but of men who oppose Lloyd George. Thus, in order to buy control of the party, the former Premier has lost his best press organ.

Lloyd George's treasure chest has been variously estimated to contain, in all, from £1,000,000 to £2,000,000. He

offered to put at the disposal of the Liberal Administrative Committee a capital sum which would enable those responsible for securing candidates to place a full fighting line in the field at the next elections. He further proposed to meet any deficit incurred in operating the Liberal headquarters. The party organization began to consider the offer last December. On January 19 the Administrative Committee decided to accept it and—after conference with Lloyd George—forced the resignation of Vivian Philipps, Chairman of the party's Organizing Committee, and the other members of that body.

Immediately others of the most prominent Liberals voluntarily resigned their positions in the party, led by Viscount Grey of Fallodon (formerly Sir Edward Grey). They propose to form a new Liberal organization, to be known as the Liberal Council. It is expected to include, in addition to Lord Grey, Sir Donald MacLean, Vivian Philipps, W. M. R. Pringle, Sir John Simon, and possibly Walter Runciman. It probably will have its headquarters in the old Asquith offices in Abingdon Street. The Earl of Oxford and Asquith—who as

Prime Minister Herbert Asquith had Lloyd George in his Cabinet—apparently has given the Liberal secessionists his blessing as Lloyd George's leading foe. Thus the stage is set for a battle which is likely to tear British Liberalism to pieces.

Poor Carlotta!

IT is now sixty-nine years ago that as a girl of seventeen the Princess Carlotta of Belgium married the Archduke Maximilian, a brother of the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph. Seven years later, lured by the scheme of Napoleon III to set up an empire in Mexico, she and her husband entered Mexico City, already occupied by French troops. It is said that Carlotta's ambition overbore Maximilian's reluctance to accept a problematical throne in a distant and hostile country.

The dream was a short one. Our Civil War ended. The Monroe Doctrine was invoked. American troops were near the Mexican border. Juarez, Mexico's greatest hero, gathered force every day. "Napoleon the Little" saw his error, withdrew his army and left Maximilian to his fate. The puppet Emperor died

with manly courage, and his last words were, "My poor Carlotta!"

Carlotta had returned to Paris to plead with Louis Napoleon for forces to extricate her husband from the peril into which the French Emperor's plot of expansion had led Maximilian. The rejection of her plea by Napoleon, by Francis Joseph, and by Pius IX may have been inevitable politically and internationally, but it drove the poor Carlotta insane. It is said that she never knew of her husband's execution and that she never in the long years of her seclusion mentioned his name. This, however, may have been one of the myths that grew up about her; another was that she insisted upon being treated as Empress; another, that her insanity was feigned; still another, that she was constantly unhappy but could not remember the reason.

When, the other day, Carlotta died in the Belgian château where she was born eighty-six years ago, the world paused from its games of politics and money-getting to utter a sigh of sympathy and pity for this tragedy of a once proud figure caught in the meshes of her own lust for conquest and imperial splendor and brought to defeat and suffering by world forces beyond her power to resist.

Turkey on Trial

BEHIND closed doors the Senate of the United States has rejected the treaty with Turkey, known commonly as the Lausanne Treaty. The forces for ratification were led by Senator Borah, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and the forces opposed by Senator Swanson, the ranking Democratic member of that Committee.

At the end of the Senate's executive session, Senator King made a statement of the reasons for Democratic opposition to the treaty. Three reasons were enumerated—failure to provide for fulfillment of the "Wilson award to Armenia," absence of guaranties for the protection of Christians and other non-Moslems in Turkey, and failure to provide for recognition by Turkey of the American nationality of former subjects of Turkey.

Failure of the treaty leaves the United States without any established means of maintaining formal relations with Turkey after February 20, when the *modus vivendi* expires. For lack of precedents, State Department officials are said to be at a loss as to how to proceed. It is hard to believe, however, that the State Department has not provided for this contingency. It is known that Rear-Admiral Bristol, the American representative in Turkey, is in negotiation with the Angora Government with a view to prolonging the provisional commercial treaty between the two countries. Though no official statement to

Carlotta—Empress of
a Vanished Dream



Underwood & Underwood

that effect has been made, Admiral Bristol has probably discussed the possibility of negotiating a new treaty.

What Turkey does now will do much to test the claims of those who say that she can now be trusted to act like a civilized nation.

While it is true that rejection of the treaty leaves American interests in Turkey in an uncomfortable situation, the fact remains that we ought to have a treaty with Turkey more consonant with American self-respect and American duties than the Treaty of Lausanne was. It should certainly now be clear that the United States will not mildly acquiesce in any treaty which Turkey chooses to offer.

The United States now has the alternatives of calling its citizens out of Turkey, which it certainly is unlikely to do; or allowing them to get along as best they can without any agreement between the Governments, which it is to be hoped it will not do; or sending the Navy to enforce the provisions of the earlier treaty, which no realistic-minded person believes it will do; or taking up the task of arranging a new treaty. The best course now would be to seek an extension of the period of the old treaty of amity and commerce, pending the negotiation of a new treaty based on the conditions of to-day. That is the protection

and support which we owe to Americans and American institutions in Turkey.

Safety First in China

FOREIGNERS in China are fleeing for refuge from the rising enmity of the Chinese. Shanghai and the Peking Legation quarter are becoming practically concentration camps for business men and missionaries and their families from the interior who have been forced to seek safety under the protection of foreign military and naval forces. The American Minister, Mr. MacMurray, who was bound home, has returned to Peking.

As the armies of the Nationalists of South China approach Shanghai, it becomes increasingly a question whether the troops of the Powers there will have to defend the settlement from attack. If necessary, that, of course, must be done unhesitatingly.

Great Britain is rushing 12,000 additional soldiers to Shanghai. With the marines and sailors already there, this expedition will bring the British contingent in China up to 16,000 men. Japan has despatched additional war-ships to the danger zone, but so far has not sent army detachments. The whole Japanese policy in China, as a matter of fact, seems to have changed to one of settling disputes locally and quietly and avoid-

ing serious public controversies with the Chinese leaders. The United States has contented itself with increasing slightly its naval strength in Chinese waters and announcing that it proposes to insist on protection of its citizens and their property rights in China.

British officials, apparently, are still convinced that a show of force is the best way of dealing with the Chinese. But China is in the midst of civil war. The Nationalist armies of the Kuomintang Party are riding forward on the crest of a wave of anti-foreign feeling. The old "gunboat policy" that used to be considered so effective will now only intensify that feeling and make it more difficult to re-establish normal relations with China when there are central authorities with whom we can deal.

Great Britain wants the co-operation of the United States. That is natural, for Great Britain has a great stake in concessions in China; and the attitude of the United States will vitally affect the success of her policy. But the United States has no such concessions. It is highly doubtful whether American interests are to be advanced by a policy of attempted coercion; and we certainly have no obligation to pull British chestnuts out of the fire.

The only thing that can be done at the moment is to see to it that American citizens are protected. That our Government can be trusted to do. Then we shall have to wait to see how and when business and other relations can be resumed. High-handed action now might defeat that hope indefinitely.

Abolishing the "Hard-Boiled Traffic Cop"

SOME weeks ago we were commending California for its courageous revision of the State criminal code with a view to the more effective suppression of crime and the more expeditious administration of justice. Now we are inclined to salute the Golden State on another score, namely, its determination to remove the "hard-boiling" from the traffic police forces.

According to despatches just received from our Pacific coast correspondent, the new chief of the State Division of Motor Vehicles has revolutionary ideas on the subject of traffic "cops." The essential frightfulness long patiently accepted as inseparable from the office is to come to an end, and there is to be no more "bawling out."

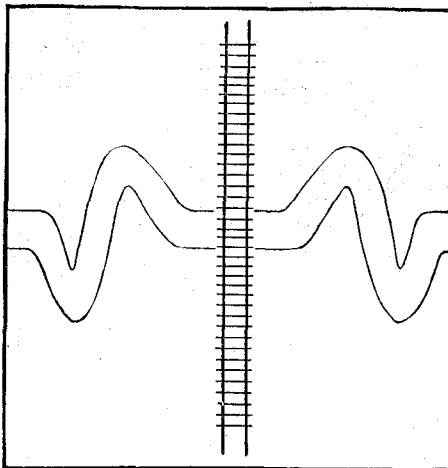
Says the new chief: "There is being sent out to every traffic officer under my jurisdiction the instruction that in making arrests they must use civility and courtesy. I will not tolerate at all any rough treatment, any vulgar language, any of the so called 'hard-boiled' method

of dealing with the public of California."

Other States may well take notice.

The Grade-Crossing Problem

COMMENDING Don C. Seitz's recent article on "Murder by Motor," F. G. Brill, of Los Angeles, California, invites attention to the grade crossing as a fertile source of slaughter, and notes the railroads insist that it will be forty years before the peril can be eliminated, because of the great cost. Mr. Brill suggests a simple way of reducing the dangers, as indicated by the following diagram:



He would have the first angle begin 200 feet away from the tracks and made too acute to be taken at a speed greater than five miles an hour, thus enforcing "Stop, Look, and Listen," while the turns involved would make it necessary to scan the railway up and down before crossing. Offhand it looks simple, sensible, and comparatively cheap.

Peace in Baseball

PEACE seems to have settled down over the turbulent baseball situation. Justice will follow if, as is confidently predicted, High Commissioner Landis formally restores Cobb and Speaker to good standing and declares that no charge of crookedness has been proved against either.

Ban Johnson retires from active service as head of the American League much as a defeated general may march off with certain honors and courtesies—that is, for the present he retains his official title and his salary, \$40,000—but his duties will be assumed by Frank Navin, President of the Detroit American Club. There is no doubt that Johnson's health is in a bad state, and this may account for the contradictions and peevishness in his recent statements.

Judge Landis is the "Czar" of baseball. Previous to the elevation of the Judge to imperial power Ban Johnson had himself been a good deal of a Czar, and two Czars in one government is im-

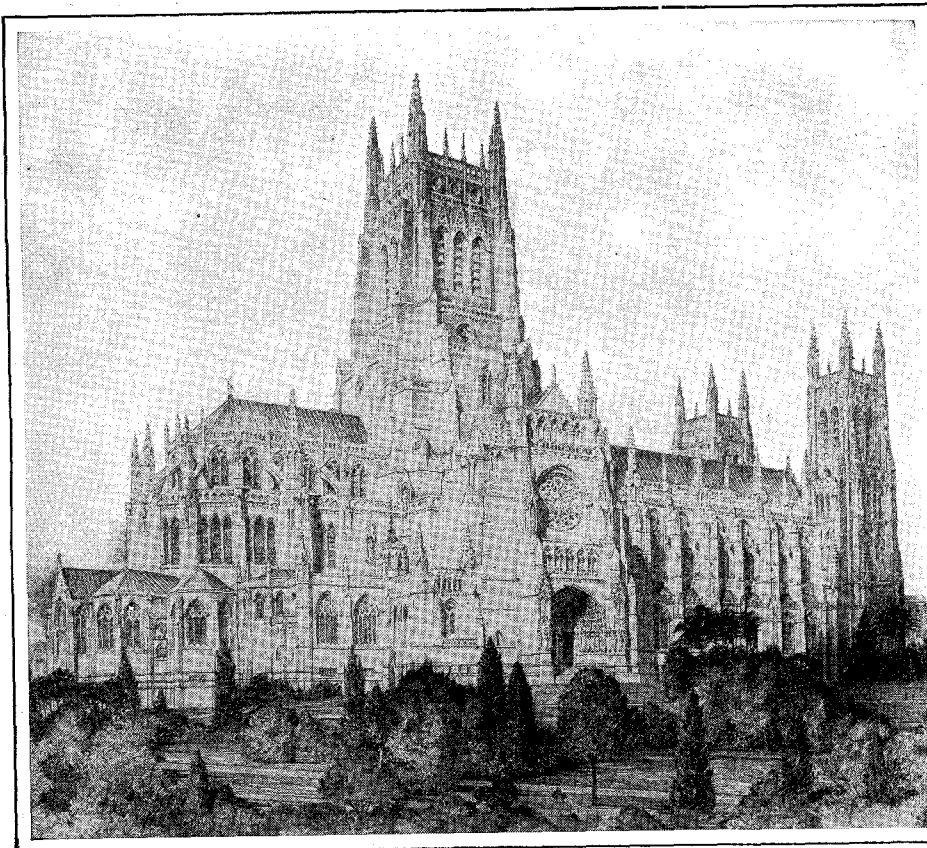
possible. Johnson organized the American League, brought it into working relations with the National League, and established a joint commission. When, after the scandals and disrepute in 1919, the best way out seemed to be to put supreme power in one man's hands, Johnson was not amenable to the single-man rule. A sort of feud has existed for seven years between Landis and Johnson, with occasional outbreaks from Johnson; and at one former crisis Landis declared that he or Johnson must retire and relented only when the American League directors obtained Johnson's assurance of peaceful behavior.

In so far as Cobb and Speaker have been barred from major league baseball their position is now logically restored by Landis's former statement that Leonard's charges, which Leonard failed to back by confronting the men he accused, were not evidence and by Johnson's admission that the assertion attributed to him that Speaker and Cobb were "let out" because of incompetence as player and manager was not correct. Formal recognition of this by Judge Landis will allow them to enter any major league team.

St. John's Tower

SEVEN centuries ago, in a gradual transition, Gothic architecture developed out of the Romanesque. It reared cathedrals to tall, slender proportions, with no massive walls to receive with their mere bulk the weight of the upper reaches of stone. It substituted the expedient of balancing the "thrust" of arches bearing stone vaulting against the thrust of other arches and against the weight and thrust of buttresses, and of leading the weight to the ground through piers at points of concentration.

Through the periods of Gothic building during these seven centuries the distinguishing principle of construction has remained the same, but architects have repeatedly sought new ways of applying it. Yet so masterful was the work of the artisan-architects of the great period when most of the French cathedrals were built that the architects of the revival of the Gothic have been able to do little more than to recombine mediæval Gothic elements into new, and often supremely beautiful, buildings. Now Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, of Boston, the most devoted modern disciple of the thirteenth century, the architect of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which stands on an eminence in New York, has made a totally new application of the Gothic principle. He has made plans for raising a great tower over the crossing of the nave and transepts of the Cathedral with no supporting piers directly under it, but with the weight carried to outer



The final drawing of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine

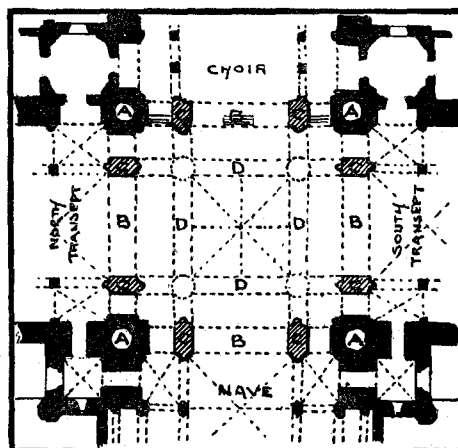
piers by secondary arches springing from above the great main arches. By the compounding of Gothic structural principle a sixty-foot-square tower, perfectly proportioned to the exterior of the Cathedral, will be supported above a void one hundred and twenty feet square.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine has been in process of intermittent construction since 1892. For many years the crossing and the choir and a number of chapels have stood and have been used. Now, by Dr. Cram's plans and with new funds, the walls of the nave are reaching up. But an obstacle to the satisfactory completion of the Cathedral has been the means of covering the very large crossing. A square tower rising directly from the main piers in accordance with the usual Gothic treatment would have been one hundred and twenty feet square—disproportionately large in comparison with the rest of the building. A dome was out of the question, as not a Gothic element. The solution previous to Dr. Cram's recently accepted plan was a twelve-sided spire narrowing down from the size of the crossing; but that pleased neither Dr. Cram nor the trustees of the Cathedral.

The diagram on this page indicates the plan for hanging a sixty-foot tower over a crossing twice as large. The letter A designates the great main piers of the crossing. C shows the secondary piers, which are in line with the main arcades of the nave, the choir, and the transepts. The large main arches, B, will spring between each adjoining pair of secondary piers, terminating the

nave, the choir, and the transepts. Smaller arches will spring between each secondary pier and its adjoining main pier, terminating the side aisles. As much as that is inherent in the ordinary Gothic plan. But then comes the new departure. The arches D on the diagram spring across the crossing between opposite secondary piers, thus not obstructing the magnificent vistas down the nave and across the transepts. These secondary arches intersect, forming a secondary square sixty feet on each side. The circles on the diagram represent simply the intersections, not any sort of supporting columns. Above the vaulting of this square the tower will rise, with its weight converted into thrust by the arches it will rest on, and with the weight and thrust received by the secondary piers and by the arcades in each direction.

Thus the problem has been met. The



The plan for the crossing

vast crossing, larger in diameter by eighteen feet than the domed rotunda of St. Paul's in London, will remain at its full size, and the plan for the exterior is complete and satisfactory.

The Y. M. C. A. Takes Stock

THE Y. M. C. A. is a popular butt of criticism. Perhaps this is an inheritance from the war, when the Y. M. C. A. was the repository for the concentrated ill feelings of the Expeditionary Forces. Perhaps it is based on an actual condition. A year and a half ago the New York City Y. M. C. A. determined to uncover and to remedy what might be found wrong. It appointed an independent survey commission of social and educational specialists, under the direction of Dr. Arthur L. Swift, Jr., of the Union Theological Seminary, to conduct an exhaustive examination of every phase of the work and management of the New York Y. M. C. A.

Last week the commission's report was released. Although it made the reassuring statement that "the Association's social assets exceed its liabilities," its suggested changes were sweeping: Old buildings to be replaced by modern ones located with greater regard to strategic centers; co-ordination of activities—physical, educational, dormitory—which are now almost entirely unrelated to one another; an adequate division of responsibility for policies and the execution of the program between the general membership, the governing lay group, and the secretarial staff, to supplant the present dominating secretarial influence; centralization of organization, which should leave the local secretaries in a position to devote time now consumed by business management to program work; definite promotion and salary policies to decrease the turnover and increase the caliber of the secretaries; efforts to decrease the average age of membership and to increase the length of the members' association with the "Y;" more personal understanding of the needs of the members in helping to adjust them to the city environment; religious influence (in distinction to "Protestantism") permeating all departments; more cultural emphasis, fewer "selling" courses, in the educational work; finally, a clear restatement of the function of the Y. M. C. A. in terms of community needs. "The historic purpose . . . to develop men physically, socially, and spiritually has not been translated into objectives sufficiently definite to provide a sound basis for work of the proportions of the present program of the Association."

The commission summarized: "During the next stage in the life of the Association the emphasis should not be so

much upon extension with a view to increasing the number of units and the number of pieces of work as upon consolidation of the gains made during recent years and the building of a strong basis for the more important work of the Association."

The survey is to be published and distributed, in the expectation that it will serve as a model for similar analyses in other parts of the country.

Mitchell of the "Sun"

THE big newspapers of a generation or so ago were usually built around one man, so that Greeley or Raymond or Dana almost *was* the "Tribune" or "Times" or "Sun." One result was that men of great journalistic ability were thrown into the shadow by their eminent chiefs. Edward P. Mitchell, who died suddenly on January 22 at the age of seventy-four, was for years Dana's right-hand man as leading editorial writer and in charge of the editorial page. Yet few of the readers of the old "Sun," not newspaper men themselves, ever heard of Mitchell at the time when he was doing exceedingly valuable work. This was not in the least because his chief was inconsiderate or jealous, but because that was the day of anonymous journalism—except always for the big chief, who was supposed by disciples to write everything on the page—and also because many of the ablest writers did honestly dislike any intrusion of their personality in their work. Thus the New York "Times" says of Mr. Mitchell:

Never a self-advertiser, and shunning publicity with a kind of holy horror, he was content to belong to a profession in which his identity was submerged, and to work for a newspaper, as an institution, which hid rather than blazoned his name. Yet his pen betrayed him. It was only a question of time when the author of his witty, incisive, often whimsical and always finished editorials would be discovered. A man of infinite humor and sagacity himself, he had the faculty of provoking these qualities in others.

Edward Page Mitchell was a Maine man and a Bowdoin College graduate and trustee, and he had New England traits of shrewdness, humor, and vigor. In his fifty years or so of newspaper experience he trained many young writers; perhaps no man in his profession has been better liked and praised by his fellow-workers. His "Memoirs of an Editor," published about two years ago, is a capital book, entertaining, informing, and teeming with odd and interesting bits of experience and amusing anecdotes.

Our Problem in Latin America

EVERY Administration at Washington faces in Latin America a threefold problem. First, it has the responsibility of preserving the rights and interests of citizens of the United States. Second, it has the obligation of seeing to it that the legitimate interests of other foreigners are protected, if they are threatened. This obligation is due to the fact that, under the Monroe Doctrine, we warn foreign Powers to keep their hands off Latin America. The pressure of this duty is felt particularly in the weaker republics of Central America, with their recurrent revolutions and rebellions. Finally, it has the delicate task of encouraging and increasing friendship between Latin America and the United States.

It is in this third task of cultivating Latin-American friendship that our present policy seems to be lamentably failing. And it is so significant an aspect of our Latin-American problem that it is necessary to stop for a moment and take stock and see just where we are.

Our investments and trade in Latin America are far and away the most important part of our financial and commercial interests abroad. European competitors—particularly British and German—are working overtime to undermine the position that the United States won in South America during the war. If our policy in Central America and Mexico should result in the loss of a considerable part of our South American business, it would prove a costly adventure. The effects on our level of prosperity would be felt for years to come. Only defense of essential principles of right and justice would justify it.

A series of developments in recent days call for review in this connection. All of them have a bearing upon this central problem.

In the dispute between Chile and Peru over possession of the border provinces of Tacna and Arica our mediation failed to secure a settlement by plebiscite. The outcome lowered our prestige in South America. Secretary Kellogg followed up the fiasco by proposing that the quarrel be ended by selling the contested territory to Bolivia, to provide her with an outlet to the sea. Peru has now rejected this proposal, contending that she cannot accept any solution except one which gives her the port of Arica. It is difficult to understand or justify the position of Peru. She lost the provinces to Chile over forty years ago; and she stood to gain more by the suggested arrangement than she is likely ever to be able to se-

cure for herself from her stronger neighbor. But it is difficult also to understand what motives led Secretary Kellogg to advance publicly a proposal which he did not know to have reasonable certainty of success.

In Panama, a new treaty for the protection of the Canal Zone is awaiting ratification. It provides, among other things, that Panama shall side with the United States in the event of war, and shall accord full opportunity for military and naval measures to defend the Canal. Death threats have been made against members of the Congress of Panama if they vote for the treaty. Evidently, nationalist sentiment has been aroused by the terms of the treaty. They have been criticised also in other Latin-American countries. The security of the Canal is a matter about which we cannot argue with any one. But it was important, if possible, to avoid offense to Latin-American sentiment in drafting the agreement to insure its safety.

In Nicaragua, civil war still continues. Our recognition of President Diaz and our despatch of Marines to the capital at Managua has not stopped the rebellion of the Liberals headed by Dr. Juan Sacasa, the former Vice-President. It has, on the other hand, embroiled us in more difficulties with Mexico and further alienated South America. Sacasa professes a willingness to accept mediation by Guatemala. Diaz is disinclined to acquiesce. Our effort should be to advance a peaceful settlement and to see to it that new elections are held to replace the present emergency Government with one more certainly representative.

In Mexico we seem still uncertain what to do about our controversy with the Government of President Calles over the oil and land laws. There is no doubt that our Government should maintain the legitimate claims of our citizens and companies, and that our public will support it in doing so. But it is hard to see why we should have trouble in achieving this before the Hague Tribunal or the Permanent Court of International Justice, or through the Mixed Claims Commission under the terms by which it was set up with a neutral chairman. President Calles has indicated his readiness, with some reluctance, to accept arbitration. Reports of statements by the "official spokesman" in Washington and from other official sources leave it doubtful whether President Coolidge accepts or rejects the idea. Secretary Kellogg has announced that he is giving the principle "very careful consideration."

It is to be hoped that this consideration by the executive authorities at Washington will be not only careful but

favorable. It is the essential first step to begin to retrieve confidence and friendship in South America.

The Case of Colonel Smith

SPEAKER REED of the House of Representatives once said: "The House never divides on strictly partisan lines except when it is acting judicially." Another member of Congress, George D. Robinson, of Massachusetts, as quoted in Luce's book on "Legislative Assemblies," when asked what were party questions, replied, "I know of none except election cases."

These remarks are illustrated by an instance, cited by Luce, which George Frisbie Hoar, later Senator from Massachusetts, but at the time it occurred a member of the Committee on Elections in the House of Representatives, describes in his "Autobiography." "There is a well-authenticated story of Thaddeus Stevens," writes Mr. Hoar, "that going into the room of the Committee on Elections, of which he was a member, he found a hearing going on. He asked one of his Republican colleagues what was the point in the case. 'There is not much point to it,' was the answer. 'They are both damned scoundrels.' 'Well,' said Stevens, 'which is the Republican damned scoundrel? I want to go for the Republican damned scoundrel.'"

From the time when parties arose election cases have rarely been decided without regard to their effect upon party fortunes, and have often been decided without real regard to anything else. Impartiality tends to disappear as partisanship becomes intense, and tends to reappear when party feeling runs low.

The consequent danger to free institutions is obvious. It is that a party majority reinforced by party feeling may become so well entrenched as to make its dislodgment excessively difficult. The one defense which the people have against this danger is the public opinion which resents the invasion of the people's right to be represented by the men of their choice.

At present party feeling is not inordinate. The danger to the people from partisan action seems to be remote. It is at such a time as this, however, that precedents may be established which will later rise to plague the people.

Nominally, the Republican Party is in a majority in the United States Senate. The decision, therefore, of a majority to bar Colonel Frank L. Smith, a Republican, from the seat to which he had been appointed is one of several recent indications that the party spirit of the Re-

publicans in the Senate is running low. Does this indicate at the same time the rise of a spirit of impartiality?

Unfortunately, there are indications that party considerations have weighed heavily in the decision. It is not credible, for example, that all but four Democrats would have voted against Colonel Smith if he had been a Democrat.

What this vote indicates is not an im-



International

Frank L. Smith

partial consideration of the proper qualifications of a prospective member of the Senate, but the response of the Senate itself rather to a wholesome public remonstrance against the lavish use of money in elections and in primaries.

It is difficult at such a time as this for the people or the Senate calmly and impartially to consider a Constitutional question. It is difficult for a Senator to condemn methods by which people have chosen a man to represent them and at the same time to maintain that the man whom the people have thus chosen is Constitutionally qualified to represent them.

Under the Constitution, each house of Congress "shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." Does this mean that each house has the right to substitute other qualifications than those which the Constitution itself prescribed; or does it mean that each house shall simply have the right to decide whether in each case a prospective member has the Constitutional qualifications? That the Senate has the power to substitute other qualifications for those of the Constitution cannot very well be denied. In some cases it has exercised that power. For example, the Constitution requires that

a man must be of the age of thirty years; and yet the Senate allowed Henry Clay to take the oath when he lacked four months of being thirty years of age. There is no branch of the Government that could prevent the Senate from administering the oath to a minor. Under the Constitution, no State may be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate without its own consent; but what power is there in the Government that could prevent the Senate from continually excluding from the Senate one after another sent by a certain State to be represented in the Senate? That the Senate has this power, however, does not mean that it has the right.

The right of the Senate to exclude applicants for membership is clearly limited by other Constitutional rights. One of these Constitutional rights is that of a State to be represented in the Senate by those whom it chooses. Whatever action of the Senate tends to curtail that right tends to substitute the Senate's decision for the State's decision. Those who most strongly object to the men whom the State chooses ought to be the most insistent upon the right of the State to choose them.

As our Washington correspondent reports on another page, those opposed to Colonel Smith urged that unless their point of view was accepted the Senate might have to admit any one with proper credentials, even though he might be a leper or a lunatic. The answer is obvious. The right of expulsion is unlimited. That right may be exercised arbitrarily by a two-thirds vote. Any one nominally admitted but obviously dangerous may be disposed of at once. The two-thirds vote is a safeguard against the arbitrary use of this arbitrary power.

The danger in the decision which barred Colonel Smith from the seat to which he was appointed is that it may serve as a precedent which would let the Senate exclude a man because he was a member of the minority party. Some day when the Republicans are united and in the majority a man with apparently proper credentials from a Southern State may present himself at the bar of the Senate. Shall he be excluded because of evidence that Negro voters were prevented by intimidation or by custom from participating in the primary by which he was nominated? No fraud might be charged against such a man; but no fraud is charged against Smith. Such a man might have been elected after the primary and in spite of it; but so was Smith. Such a man might be appointed by the Governor entirely apart from the election; but so was Smith.

It is right that every proper means

should be employed to keep primaries and elections free from corruption; but it is imperative that no means shall be employed for that purpose that tends to break down the safeguards of representative government.

America's Folk Music

WHEN Gershwin's Concerto in F was first performed, The Outlook welcomed it for its "freshness, vitality, and audacious originality." Now The Outlook welcomes Mr. Buchanan's appreciation of it, expressed elsewhere in this issue.

There is nothing new in the theme of Mr. Buchanan's article. What is new and distinctive in it is the vigor and pungency with which it is developed. Before jazz was named, American char-

acteristics found musical expression. It has taken years, however, for American composers of serious purpose to see in those characteristics material for creations worthy of the name of art.

In 1913 The Outlook concluded an editorial on "Ragtime" with these words: "Whatever its origin and however much it has been vulgarized, 'ragtime' is as distinctive as the rhythmic characteristics of Spanish or Hungarian music, and is as capable of use in musical art as any other primitive musical material."

In November, 1917, in another editorial The Outlook said: "Our American musical circles, as a matter of fact, are unassimilated to America even when they consist of Americans. . . . The reason for all this is that the majority of those who establish the musical stand-

ards of this country are not really in sympathy with the average American's musical inclinations. They are looking for American music in every direction except where there are Americans. They will search through the pueblos of the Hopis, and never once think of Broadway. They will study the musical tastes of the Black Belt, and ignore altogether the musical tastes of the Loop district. . . . The really distinctive folk music of America is not anonymous. . . . It is folk music nevertheless. . . . Its most distinguishing characteristic is what is called ragtime. . . . Perhaps the educated musician has become too sophisticated to let this music of the American people flow through him. Perhaps the outstanding musical genius of America may be found in the musical Nazareth of Broadway." Is Gershwin to fulfill this prophecy?

Gormandizing

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

LAST week I called the attention of my readers to the famous book of the Frenchman Brillat-Savarin on "Gastronomy as a Fine Art." Savarin, one of the most distinguished of epicures among men of letters, defends the word *gourmandise* (in English, gormandizing) from the imputation of gluttony. Eating, thinks Savarin, is unfairly treated as a brutal passion, on the one hand, and as a hygienic science, on the other. He would have it regarded as an art, like music or painting. In my review of his book I noted the fact that another distinguished Frenchman, Al-

phonse Daudet, has emphasized the danger of gluttony in *gourmandise* by retelling in a charming form an old Provençal legend under the title "Les trois messes basses"—or, in English, "The Three Low Masses." A correspondent asks me where the story may be found.

It is one of a captivating series of short stories, such as only a Frenchman can write—perhaps I should include O. Henry—in Daudet's "Lettres de mon moulin." To save my correspondent from looking it up I venture to offer the following translation:

The Three Low Masses

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

I
Two turkeys with truffles, Garrigou?"

"Yes, Father, two magnificent turkeys stuffed with truffles. I know what I'm talking about, for I helped stuff them. Their skins will surely burst in the roasting, they are so distended with stuffing!"

"Gracious Heaven! And I so fond of truffles!—Help me on with my surplice, and be quick, Garrigou!—What else besides the turkeys did you see in the kitchen?"

"Oh! All sorts of fine dishes. Since noon we've done nothing but pluck pheasants, prairie chicken, woodcock, and grouse. Feathers were flying everywhere. From the fish pond they brought in eels and golden carp and trout and"—

"How big were the trout, Garrigou?"

"As long as that, Father—enormous!"

"O Lord! I almost seem to see them! And did you fill the decanters with wine?"

"Yes, Father, we filled the decanters with wine, but it wasn't the ordinary kind that you drink here in the sacristy when you come out from midnight mass. If you could only see the banquet hall of the castle—the carafes flaming with wines of all colors, the silver plate, the chiseled vases, the flowers, the candelabra! There was never a Christmas party like it! The marquis has invited all the gentry of the neighborhood. There will be at least forty at table, not counting the bailiff and the notary. You're very lucky to be one of the party, your Reverence. It is almost enough to have had a smell of those wonderful turkeys. The fragrance of the truffles still stays by me. Ah-h-h!"

"Come, come, my son. Let us beware of the sin of *gourmandise*, especially on the night of our Lord's birth. Quick! Light the candles on the altar and ring the first bell for mass. Midnight approaches, and we must not be late."

This conversation took place one Christmas night, in the year sixteen hundred and so-and-so, between the Reverend Father Belaguère, formerly a Barnabite prior, but now the chaplain of the feudal house of Trinquelage, and his young clerk Garrigou, or at least him whom the chaplain believed to be his clerk Garrigou; for I must inform you that the devil that night had assumed the round face and youthful features of the young sacristan in order the better to lead the reverend Father into temptation and induce him to commit the terrible sin of gormandizing.

Now, while the counterfeit Garrigou was jangling and pealing the bells of the seigniorial chapel his Reverence finished

putting on his vestments in the little sacristy of the castle, all the while saying to himself, so overcome was he by the gastronomic pictures of his clerk: "Roast turkeys! Golden carp! Trout as big as that!"

Outside the night wind whistled, carrying hither and yon the musical tones of the bells. Little by little lights appeared among the dark shadows on the slope of Mont Ventoux, on the summit of which rose the old towers of the Château Trinquelage. These lights marked the progress of the tenant farmers and their families who were coming to hear midnight mass at the château. In groups of five or six they climbed up the hillside, singing, the fathers leading the way with lanterns in their hands, the mothers wrapped in their flowing brown cloaks, in the folds of which the children snuggled for shelter. In spite of the lateness of the hour and the cold these good people marched along briskly, sustained by the thought of the table which they knew they should find spread for them, when the mass was over, at the farther end of the great kitchen, as they did every year. Now and then the coach of a seignior, preceded by torchbearers, rolled along on the rough and steep roadway, reflecting the rays of the moon from its glazed windows; or, perhaps, a mule jogged by, jingling the bells on its bridle, and by the misty light of their lanterns the tenants recognized their bailiff and saluted him as he passed:

"Good-evening, Master Arnoton!"

"Good-evening, my children!"

The night was clear; the stars gleamed like steel in the cold sky; the north wind pricked like a needle; and the fine, dry snow, swirling from the ground over the garments of the pedestrians, fulfilled the traditional promise of a white Christmas. On the summit of the hill stood the goal towards which all were striving—the château with its massive towers, its great gables, its chapel spire reaching into the blue sky, and with innumerable little lights winking in its windows, which, now coming, now going, in the dark background of the castle walls, looked like those tiny sparks that run in the black cinders of burnt paper. When the visitors had crossed the drawbridge and passed through the postern gate, in order to reach the chapel, they had to cross the main courtyard. It was filled with coaches, with footmen, with sedan chairs, and was all alight with the flames of torches and gleams from the kitchen fires. The creaking of the turnspits, the rattling of saucepans, the tinkling of brass and silver, announced the prepara-

tion of a feast. From below rose warm and fragrant whiffs of roast meats and savory sauces which filled the tenants, the chaplain, the bailiff—everybody, in fact—with the comforting thought, "What a Christmas supper we shall have after mass!"

II

Ting-a-ling ling! Ting-a-ling ling!

IT was the midnight mass commencing. In the chapel of the château—a miniature cathedral—tapestries were hung along the walls and from the oaken cross-beams. All the wax candles were lighted. And what a congregation! And what toilets! First of all, there was the Sire de Trinquelage, seated in one of the carved stalls of the choir, clad in a coat of salmon-colored taffeta, and surrounded by his noble guests. Opposite, on a *prie-dieu* upholstered in velvet, knelt the old dowager in a gown of flaming brocade, and by her side the youthful Lady Trinquelage in a towering head-dress honeycombed with lace after the latest fashion of Parisian Court circles. A little farther down might be seen the bailiff, Thomas Arnoton, and the notary, Master Ambroy, black-coated, clean-shaven, and topped by huge pointed wigs—two serious notes in a gamut of showy silks and figured damask. Next came the fat majordomos, the grooms, the stewards, the housekeeper, Dame Barbara, all her keys hanging by her side from a ring of sterling silver. Yet farther down, on benches, in the place of lowest rank, were the household servants and the peasant farmers with their families. And, last of all, at the very threshold, were the scullions, who, opening and shutting the door discreetly, kept coming and going, as they mixed their sauces, to hear portions of the mass. With them they brought the fragrance of the feast they were preparing into the church—the gayly decorated church which was so cheerfully lighted and warmed by the brilliant wax candles.

Was it the sight of those little white-capped figures that distracted the attention of the celebrant? Perhaps, rather, it was Garrigou's bell—that mad little bell which rattled its tongue at the altar steps with infernal agitation as if it were saying: "Hurry! Hurry! The sooner we finish, the sooner we shall be at the table!"

The fact is that every time that devilish little bell rang the chaplain forgot his mass and thought only of the banquet. With his mind's eye he saw a picture of the bustling cooks, the roasting

fires that burned like forges, the clouds of steam rising from the half-opened lids of the pots and kettles, and in this cloud two magnificent turkeys, stuffed and bursting with truffles.

Or, again, he seemed to see the procession of pages bearing aloft the smoking platters, and with them he entered the great dining-hall, now ready for the feast. Oh, what a delicious scene! Behold the long table shining with silver and glass, the peacocks decorated with their plumage, the pheasants spreading their red and gold wings, the decanters sparkling like rubies, the pyramids of fruit embowered in green leaves, and those marvelous fish which Garrigou (we know that Garrigou!) had described, displayed on their beds of moss, their scales—as if they had just come out of the water—glistening like mother-of-pearl, and bearing in their mouths bouquets of fragrant herbs. So vivid was the picture of these wonders that it seemed to Father Balaguère as if all these superb dishes were served before him on the embroidered linen of the altar, and two or three times instead of *Dominus vobiscum* he caught himself saying the *Benedicite*. With the exception of these trifling slips, the worthy chaplain performed his office conscientiously, without skipping a line, without missing a genuflection; all went well enough until the end of the first mass. But, as every one knows, on Christmas Day the celebrant must say three masses consecutively.

"That makes one!" said the chaplain, with a sigh of relief; then, without losing a minute, he gave the signal to his clerk, or to him who appeared to be his clerk, and—

Ting-a-ling ling! Ting-a-ling ling—

the second mass began, and with it began the sin of Father Balaguère.

"Quick! Make haste!" cried the sharp little voice of Garrigou's bell, and this time the unfortunate priest, abandoning himself wholly to the demon of gluttony, flung himself upon his missal and devoured its pages with all the voracity of his excited appetite. He bowed and arose frantically; he merely sketched the signs of the cross and the genuflections; he shortened his gestures so as to get through it all sooner. He scarcely raised his arms at the Gospel; he scarcely touched his breast at the *Confiteor*. Between him and his clerk there raged a contest as to which could babble the faster. Verses and responses tumbled over one another. Words half pronounced through lips almost closed—for it takes time to open the

mouth—faded away in indistinguishable murmurs.

Oremus . . . ps . . . ps . . . ps
Mea culpa . . . pa . . . pa

Like wine-makers treading out the grapes in the vat, both priest and clerk waded into the Latin of the mass, sending splashes in every direction.

"*Dom . . . scum!*" said the priest.

"*. . . Stutuo!* . . ." responded the clerk; and all the time the damnable little bell kept ringing like the bells on the bridles of post horses which, jingling in their ears, urge them to greater speed. It is easy to understand that a mass conducted in this way is finished in short order.

"That makes two!" thought the chaplain, all out of breath; then, without a moment's rest, he almost fell down the steps of the altar in his hurry and—

Ting-a-ling ling! Ting-a-ling ling—

the third mass began. Only a short space now intervened between the unfortunate priest and the tempting feast; but the nearer the moment of eating approached, the more he felt himself overcome by the madness of impatience and appetite. The golden carp, the crisp turkeys, seemed to lie before his very eyes. In imagination he could almost touch them—he could almost taste them—O Heaven!—the dishes smoked—the fragrance of the wines filled his nostrils—and the little bell, with its flying tongue, seemed to cry:

"Come! Come! Be quicker!"

But how could he be quicker? His lips scarcely moved. He no longer pronounced the words. Perhaps he might trick the good God and cheat him of his mass. And that is exactly what the miserable chaplain did. Led from temptation to temptation, he began by skipping first one verse, then two. The Epistle seemed too long, so he never finished it; he skimmed over the Gospel; he did not even enter upon the Creed; he leaped over the *Pater Noster*; he merely nodded to the *Sursum Corda*; and by leaps and bounds plunged into eternal damnation, followed eagerly by the infamous Garrigou (get thee behind me, Satan!), who egged him on with joyous satisfaction, fairly jerking off the good Father's chasuble, turning the leaves two by two, hustling the reading-desks about, upsetting the altar vessels, all the time keeping up a violent ringing of the bell.

The perplexed faces of the congregation were a sight to behold. Obligated to follow the postures of the priest in a mass scarcely a word of which they could understand, some rose when others

knelt, some sat when others stood; every stage of this singular service was marked by the confusion of those occupying the benches. The Christmas Star, traveling through the sky, paled in horror at the sight.

"The abbé hurries too fast; it's impossible to follow him," murmured the old dowager, shaking her head in disapproval. Master Arnoton, with his steel-bowed spectacles on his nose, thumbed the leaves of his Prayer-Book, wondering where in the mischief the place was. But at heart all these good people, who, like the priest, had their minds fixed on the coming feast, were not disposed to complain because the service went like a train of post horses; and when Father Balaguère, his face shining, turned towards his parishioners and pronounced, in stentorian tones, the final words, "*Ite, missa est,*" the entire congregation responded "*Deo gratias*" so joyously, so spiritedly, that a passer-by might have imagined them already at the table responding to the first toast.

III

FIVE minutes later the crowd of nobles were seated in the great banquet hall, the chaplain in the midst of them. The château, illuminated from top to bottom, resounded with songs, cheers, and laughter; and the Reverend Father Balaguère plunged his fork into the wing of a woodcock, drowning his conscience in floods of the choicest wines and richest gravies. In fact, the wretched priest ate and drank so much that during the night he died of a stroke without having a moment for repentance. When in the morning he arrived in paradise, which still echoed with the disturbance caused by the boisterous Christmas feast, I leave you to imagine how he was received.

"Begone from my presence, thou faithless Christian!" cried the sovereign Judge, the Lord of us all. "Thy sin is so great that it would cancel the good deeds of an entire lifetime. Thou hast robbed me of a Christmas mass. Very well! Thou shalt pay me three hundred in its place. And thou shalt not enter paradise until thou hast celebrated in thine own chapel these three hundred Christmas masses in the presence of the very congregation that followed thine example and shared thy sin!"

This is the true story of Father Balaguère as it is related in the olive country. To-day the château of the Trinquelage family has disappeared in the desolation of time, but the chapel still stands erect in a grove of live-oaks on the heights of Mont Ventoux. The wind

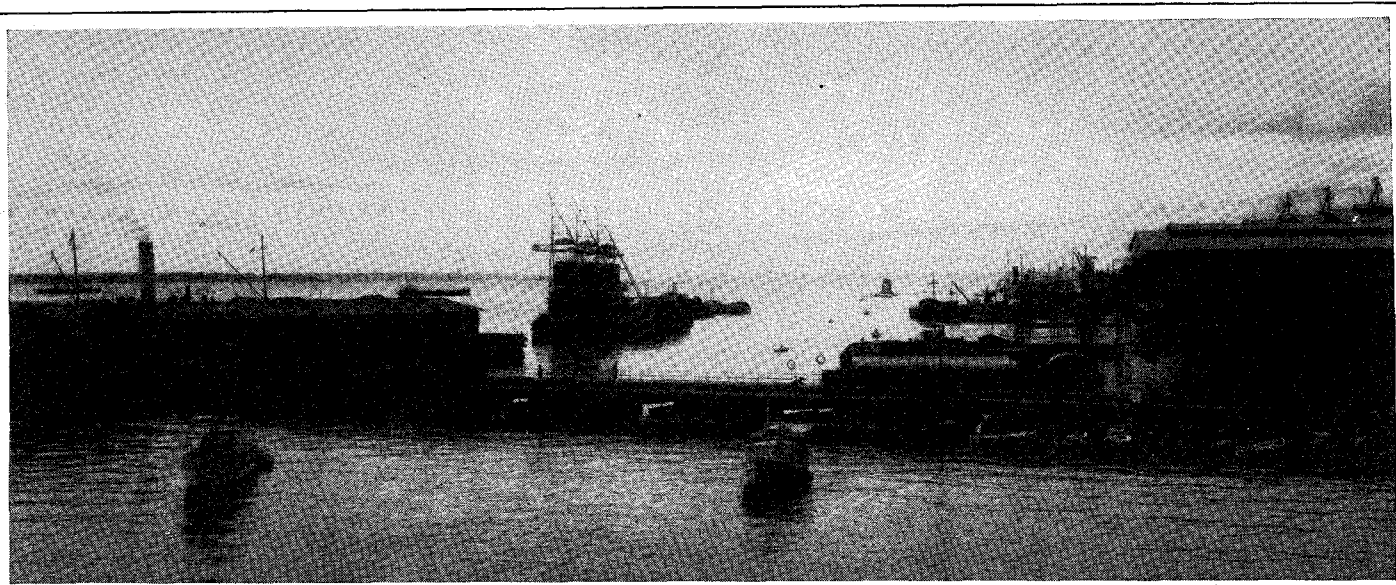
rattles its door, half hanging from its hinges. There are nests in the crevices of the altar and in the leaded window frames, from which the stained glass was broken out long, long ago. Nevertheless every Christmas night a mysterious light appears in the ruins, and as the peasants in the valley below pass to and from their Christmas mass and supper they see the spectral chapel illuminated with invisible candles which burn brightly even in the snow and wind. Laugh at it, if you will, but a vine-dresser named Garrigue, perhaps a descendant of Garrigou, has solemnly told me that one Christmas night, when he had had a little too much wine, he lost his way on the mountain near the spot where the old château once stood, and this is what he saw. At eleven o'clock, nothing. All was silent, dark, lifeless. Suddenly, towards midnight, a chime sounded in the ruined bell-tower—an old, old chime that rang faintly, as if it were miles away. The next moment on the mountain path Garrigue saw lights flickering in the shadowy gloom. Ghostly figures mounted the steps of the chapel and he caught the whispered words:

"Good evening, Master Arnoton!"

"Good evening, my children!"

When the dim figures had entered the ruined chapel, the vine-dresser—he was a brave man—drew stealthily near, and, looking through the broken door beheld a curious spectacle. The figures arranged themselves around the choir and in the ruined nave as if the benches were still there. Fine ladies in brocade and lace head-dresses, noble lords rigged out from head to foot, peasants in flowered jackets like those our great-great-grandfathers wore—all of them ancient, faded, dusty, and ragged. From time to time the birds, the regular tenants of the chapel, wakened by the unusual brightness, fluttered around the wax candles, which burned with a dim but steady flame, like points of light behind a screen of gauze. Garrigue almost laughed aloud at the sight of one old man in steel-bowed spectacles who constantly shook his high black wig, on which was poised one of the birds that helplessly flapped its wings as if it were entangled in a net.

In the background a shrunken old man, kneeling in the middle of the choir, desperately shook a little bell which made no sound, for it had no tongue, while a priest, in vestments of a bygone age, passed and repassed before the altar, reciting wordless orisons. Nothing is more certain than that this was Father Balaguère in the act of repeating his third low mass.



Floating sidewalk from dock to shore at Manáos

What's the Amazon to Us?

By CAPTAIN L. M. OVERSTREET U. S. N.

Member of the United States Naval Mission to Brazil

WHAT interest has our farmer in the Amazon? This idea struck me while observing a steamer discharge American flour in Amazon River ports. It was interesting to see a large freight steamer from New York distribute an American cargo at Pará (the port at the mouth of the Amazon), at Manáos (a river port one thousand miles up the Amazon), and at Fortaleza (an open roadstead on the northern coast of Brazil). These harbors are so different that it seems advisable to give a brief description of each.

Pará.—An American organization, Port of Pará Company, dredged a channel for deep-draught vessels clear up to the docks at Pará, built a long, 4,000-foot concrete dock, provided traveling electric cranes, and constructed large warehouses. This company is to get six per cent on the money invested, and after some seventy-five years turn the property over to the State of Pará. A freight steamer from New York therefore comes alongside this dock and in a few hours discharges her American cargo of flour, barbed wire, kerosene, and gasoline, and is free to sail the same day for the next port. The cargo is quickly and cheaply landed.

Manáos.—This port is one thousand miles up the Amazon. The cruise up this great river is interesting. The banks are a solid mass of tropical foliage. One sees little signs of life, save an alligator or a beautiful egret bird now and

then. Occasionally a hut can be seen in a small clearing close to the water's edge. A canoe tied up to the doorstep furnishes transportation, and replaces the Ford.

Manáos was a flourishing city during the days of the rubber boom, but the "bottom fell out" in 1913, when plantation rubber came into the market from the Far East. The Amazon Valley still furnishes some 25,000 tons of rubber a year, but the world's consumption exceeds 400,000 tons.

Because of an annual fifty-foot rise and fall of the Amazon at Manáos, floating docks are necessary. Upon reaching Manáos, therefore, the steamer goes alongside of one of the two large floating docks. They are really heavy-plank platforms, securely moored in the river and supported on a number of large steel cylindrical drums. Each dock can accommodate two ocean steamers. One dock is connected with the shore by a floating bridge 550 feet long. Small freight cars are hauled ashore by cable along this bridge. At the other floating dock there are three tall steel towers on shore. The freight is hauled along these cables between the floating dock and the shore.

These docks were built by a British company (Manáos Harbor Limited) at a cost of some five million dollars. This work included, in addition to the two large floating docks, a 1,500-foot stone sea-wall, some sixteen warehouses, and

machinery for hauling the freight ashore from the floating docks. The Manáos Harbor Limited operates these docks, receives compensation for all freight passing over them, and after sixty years is to turn them over to the State. Freight at Manáos can be quickly and cheaply landed due to these splendid port facilities.

Fortaleza.—Upon arrival at Fortaleza, State of Ceará, the steamer was forced to anchor in the open sea, a mile offshore. The steamship company sent out a small fleet of steel seagoing barges, towed by tugs, and employed a large force of men; some were skillful seamen to handle the tugs and barges, while the rest were stevedores for discharging the cargo. The loaded barges would be towed close inshore and anchored. At a favorable moment—at high tide and smooth water—the barges would be towed behind a small jetty and discharged into the warehouses on the beach.

Obviously, this is a costly way to land freight. A valuable steamship was delayed two days to discharge her cargo, which could have been put ashore quickly and cheaply in a few hours in a good harbor.

Where Our Farmer Comes In

As great slings of American flour were dangling over a seagoing barge which was pitching irregularly in the ocean swell and the winchmen were wait-

ing for a favorable sea so that the flour could be safely landed, the thought struck me: "Who pays for this expensive fleet of barges, this large gang of men, and this delay of two days to a large steamer?" Why, our American farmer does! It costs him some \$2 a ton to get his flour ashore from a ship in the open sea off the northern coast of Brazil.

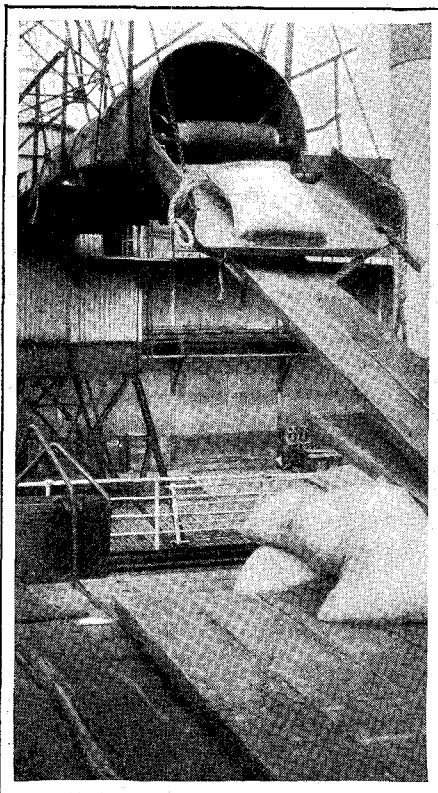
There are many in the United States who think they should not be taxed to pay for harbor improvements even on our own Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts, or to be taxed to keep up a merchant marine, as they think they are not interested in these things. As a matter of fact, our wheat growers, our cotton raisers, our miners, and our manufacturers are all interested, not only in good American seaports, but in good seaports in Brazil.

When the housewife in Fortaleza goes down to buy a sack of her favorite Gold Medal flour from the Minneapolis mills, it costs her 52\$000 (52 milreis, or about \$7 United States money) for a 45-kilo (100-pound) sack. How much of this goes to the United States farmer? There must be deducted the Brazilian import duty (\$4.75 a ton); cost of landing it from the ship anchored offshore in the open sea (\$2 a ton); the freight and insurance from New York to Fortaleza (\$7 a ton); the freight from Minneapolis mills to New York (\$8.17 a ton); the freight on the wheat to the mills; and, finally, the profits of numerous middlemen. The press discusses at length the freight rate for a short haul of some 1,300 miles from Minneapolis to New York, but curiously little is said about the rate on long hauls, like the one of 4,000 miles from New York to Manáos.

Argentina Our Competitor in Wheat

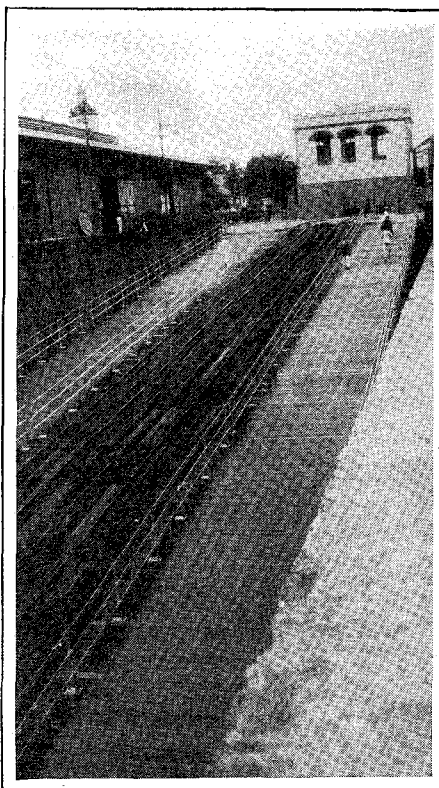
ONE might think that the United States could not compete with Argentina in the Brazilian wheat trade, because of distance and corresponding freight rates, as Argentina and Brazil are adjoining countries. However, Brazil is such a huge country, running from nearly 5° north latitude to 29° south latitude, that the distance from Pará to New York is less than that from Pará to Buenos Aires. These distances are 2,946 miles and 3,265 miles, respectively.

We do win out in the Amazon and in northern Brazil. Last year we sold over three-quarters of a million barrels of flour (valued at over \$6,000,000) in this area. Argentina is ahead of us in south-



Part of a coffee-conveying system at Santos dock

ern Brazil. Brazilians are now constructing flour mills along the coast, in central and southern seaports, and they are making most of their flour for this area from Argentina wheat. In Rio de Janeiro modern machinery and good deep-water docks enable shippers to discharge a cargo of wheat quickly and



Hinged platform at Manáos which connects the floating sidewalk with the shore

cheaply by means of tubes running from the hold of the steamer right to the flour mill.

A poor Brazilian port also operates against the American consumer. For example, we import some 27,000 tons of cocoa, valued at over \$6,500,000, annually from Bahia, Brazil. The docks in Bahia are in shoal water. Large ocean steamers must anchor a mile out in the bay. It costs over \$2.50 a ton to transfer this cocoa from the dock to the ship. Cocoa can be put aboard a ship alongside the dock for 60 cents a ton.

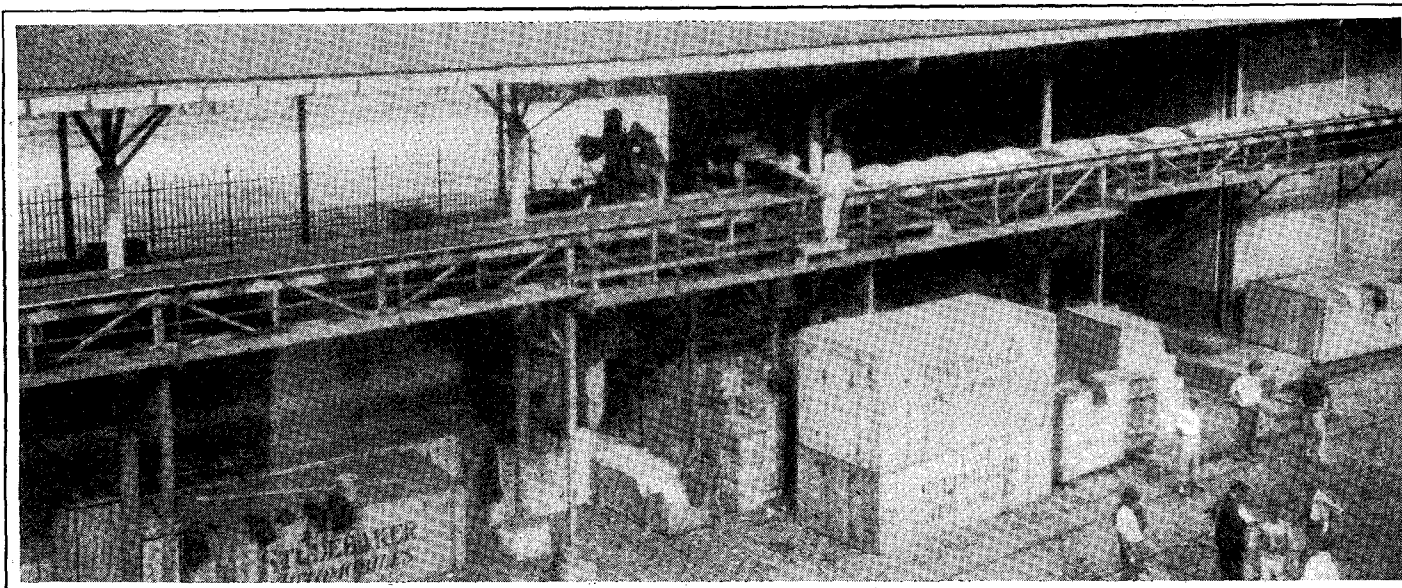
When the American buys his cup of cocoa or box of chocolates, he pays for this lack of good port facilities in Bahia. Obviously, these extra charges at Fortaleza and at Bahia must be shared by both the producers and consumers of wheat and cocoa.

Need of a Merchant Marine

MOST Americans think we should let foreign ships carry our freight if they can do so cheaper than we can. It is interesting to note how this works in a specific case.

Brazil has no fuel oil, and her national coal is of such a poor quality that it can hardly be used. Brazil must therefore import something like a million and a half tons of coal a year. The United States and England are rivals for this trade. In 1924 we sold Brazil some 850,000 tons, while England sold her 760,000 tons of coal. We could lay down this coal in Norfolk cheaper than the English could lay down their Welsh coal in Cardiff. British ships, however, brought this Cardiff coal a distance of 5,020 miles to Rio de Janeiro for \$3.47 a ton for freight and insurance, while they charged \$4.04 for bringing coal from Norfolk to Rio de Janeiro, a distance of 4,723 miles. A British paper here in Rio openly stated that without this advantage in ocean freight rates they would lose the whole Brazilian coal trade to the United States. Obviously, we cannot compete with our rivals if we do not have our own merchant marine, but leave our transportation to our rivals.

Before the World War there were only four old passenger steamers, of a foreign line, running between New York and Rio de Janeiro. It took over three weeks to make the trip. If Brazilians wished to visit New York, it was advisable for them to take a good steamer of one of the four or five competing lines to a European port and then transfer to a steamer for New York. The result



The automobiles in the cases were landed from an American steamer. The sacks of coffee in the conveyor above are to be transported to North America in a Japanese vessel

was that most Brazilians, as well as Argentinians, would not continue from Europe to New York.

After the World War the Shipping Board put both passenger steamers and freighters on the run from New York to Brazil and Argentina. The four good passenger liners (one leaving New York every other Saturday) made the run direct to Rio de Janeiro in twelve days. This forced the foreign line to put on better steamers and to reduce the time from over three weeks to fourteen days. With this greatly improved steamship service many more people of South America have gone to New York, and our imports and exports have increased greatly. In fact, our imports from Brazil in the last twelve years have increased in value from \$100,000,000 to over \$220,000,000, while our exports have increased from \$30,000,000 to over \$87,000,000. In 1925, for the first time, Brazil began importing more goods from the United States than from any other country.

Compares Railroad with Steamship Competition

No doubt a number of competing railroad systems in the United States give good service and cheap rates. It is a mistake, however, to think that the United States should have steamship lines in foreign trade competing with one another.

Brazil exports some 12,000,000 bags of coffee each year. Of the present 1926-7 crop nearly 5,000,000 bags had been exported up to November 18. American ships have carried 22 per cent of this present coffee crop, while other countries have carried these amounts:

British, 19 per cent; Brazilian, 16 per cent; Italian, 10 per cent; Scandinavian countries, 9 per cent; Dutch, 8 per cent; French, 7 per cent; German, 7 per cent; and the remaining 2 per cent by Japanese and Belgian ships. The United States, therefore, has seven strong competitors in carrying the coffee trade of Brazil. It would be absurd to say that a combination of the American steamer lines would give the owner a monopoly, when all of our lines together carry but 22 per cent of Brazil's coffee.

There are four American lines plying from the Pacific, the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to Brazil. Is it a good thing for our shipping to have two or three competing American ships coming in to one Brazilian port, each getting a fraction of a cargo? If these were consolidated into one big company, then certain ships of this big company could take flour, kerosene, gasoline, and barbed wire to the Amazon, returning with rubber and nuts. Others could take sugar machinery, flour, and automobiles to the eastern Brazilian States, returning with cocoa and coffee; while others could take coal and machinery to the southern industrial ports and return with coffee and manganese ore.

A number of small American companies, each with from four to six ships, cannot hope to compete with big foreign companies, each having some fifty ships. They cannot allocate suitably constructed ships to any particular class of cargo. One big foreign company has set aside four special refrigeration ships just for the Argentine-to-England chilled-meat trade. Ships with large, well-ventilated holds must be assigned to the Amazon nut trade; others with holds,

safeguarded against fire, are needed for carrying case gasoline and kerosene.

During my trip up the Amazon it was noted that two steamers of the same foreign company entered Pará, one from New York and the other from Liverpool. The one from New York transferred her cargo destined for the Amazon Valley to the one from Liverpool. This saved the New York ships a long, expensive thousand-mile trip up the Amazon. The one from New York then proceeded along the northern Brazilian coast, discharging her flour and other American products at the northern ports, finally going to the big sugar port of Maceió to discharge American sugar machinery. She picked up a cargo for Europe, and upon returning to Pará took the European cargo brought down the Amazon by her sister ship and sailed for Liverpool.

We have sent one or two "fly by night" Shipping Board steamers into the Amazon, but they could not take a cargo away from a firmly established foreign steamship company which had given good service for over fifty years.

The Future

OUR future prosperity depends on the export of the excess products of our farms, mines, and factories. The value of our exports in 1925 exceeded \$5,000,000,000. We must broaden our vision by a study of foreign conditions. We must make friends with our customers. Unfair criticisms of another nation in our press is seized upon and exploited by our competitors. This impairs our friendly relations and causes a loss in trade.

We have made charges against Brazil

which cannot be supported by facts. For instance, when coffee goes up 25 per cent in price in New York we accuse the Brazilians of "holding us up." Do we know that the coffee grower may be getting less? When the United States dollar is equivalent to nine milreis (9\$000) Brazilian money, then five pounds of coffee at 20 cents means 9\$000 to the coffee farmer. If Brazilian exchange goes from 9\$000 to 7\$000 to our dollar (which it did during the past year), then we can pay 25 cents a pound for our five pounds of coffee, and the grower will re-

ceive but 8\$750. This unstable money is the curse of Brazilian business, and of course the American consumer and the Brazilian coffee farmer suffer.

It is also incorrect to say that the Brazilian coffee defense plan is similar to the British rubber plan. Brazil is *not* trying to decrease coffee production in order to hold up the price. Brazil is merely trying to prevent "dumping" a 14,000,000 coffee-bag crop on the market at one time. Brazil is striving, by holding the crop in warehouses and by sending daily some thirty thousand bags

to Santos and ten thousand to Rio, to insure a steady export and a uniform price throughout the year.

To insure quick and cheap transportation of our exports not only must we have good seaports, a merchant marine, marine insurance, banks in foreign ports, cables, and radio, but there must be good foreign seaports. We can well afford to encourage our bankers to make foreign loans or to organize port construction companies to aid in building up foreign seaports.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Gershwin and Musical Snobbery

By CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

A VOTE of thanks should be tendered Mr. Walter Damrosch and the Symphony Society for their courage in having recently given us another chance to hear George Gershwin's Piano Concerto. This composition, written for the Symphony Society, and performed for the first time by Mr. Damrosch last season, shows an increasingly clear title to be ranked the one composition of indubitable vitality, originality, and authentic progressiveness that this country has produced.

Hearing this work the other day made me wish to abase myself and retract the nonsense I wrote about it last season. At that time it had seemed to me self-conscious, tongue-tied, partially sterile; although even at a first hearing the unprecedented, queer beauty of the second movement made itself felt unmistakably. I am now inclined to assert that this work can hold its own with the finest examples of this form of composition that we have. Given a fair trial (which is precisely what one fears it will not be given), its second and third movements will go miles ahead of such outstanding and popular works as the Tchaikovsky B Flat Minor Concerto or the Rachmaninoff C Minor Concerto. The persistent hammer and thud of the last movement, with its fascinating thematic material, and the grotesque, devious beauty of the second movement make for a point of view and a kind of sound for which there is no exact parallel.

There is grave reason for assuming, however, that this work will fail to obtain the high measure of praise and encouragement it deserves. Mr. Gershwin, as most people know, is a highly successful writer of "popular" music. He is implicated in that monstrous thing, jazz. He has supplied tunes for those

adroit and entertaining shows "Lady, Be Good," "Tip Toes," "Oh, Kay." As a result, he is already "placed," "labeled," "tagged," so to speak. In other words, the chances are that if Mr. Gershwin gave this country a superlatively fine piece of music (and, for my part, I think he has already done so in this Concerto), he would nevertheless remain unfavorably associated in the average consciousness with the dubious activities of the White Light district.

It is for the purpose of directing attention to the absurd fallaciousness of this very general attitude of mind that this article is written. There is a comfortable and convenient notion, old as the hills, that, in the last analysis, intrinsic merit will obtain recognition. "Water finds its level" and "You can't keep a good man down" are popular crystallizations of this easy-going philosophy. This erroneous assumption is a part of that superficial and slovenly sort of optimism which is more often than not a smoke-screen thrown out to cloak inertia and indifference. Pre-eminence is possibly eight times out of ten a question of circumstance, precedent, propinquity. The work of art, for instance, is usually accepted in so far as it approximates a standard upon which consensus of respectable opinion has set its seal of approval. If it deviates from this standard, it is usually viewed with suspicion. Professional critical opinion, even, does not venture far from the rules of artistic deportment sanctioned by the "best people." Your average critic knows that it is safer to go with the tide of conventional opinion than it is to take up the cudgels for anything outside the beaten path of standpattism.

We see this tendency already at work

in the case of Gershwin. Looking over the next morning's reviews of his performance, we note an evasiveness on the part of our critics. Mr. Lawrence Gilman took the curiously negative attitude of dismissing the affair with a more or less perfunctory gesture, delicately and tactfully witty, and then proceeded to a lengthy discussion of a Sibelius tone poem which followed, and which appealed to him as disappointingly boring and negligible. Mr. Olin Downes went a little farther, and conceded that we may have "underestimated" the work; but he, too, perpetrated the absurd inconsistency of giving Gershwin one paragraph to the three paragraphs given the Sibelius tone poem. Mr. Henderson refused to commit himself, and Mr. Peyser shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Many of the members of the orchestra were frankly antagonistic to the composition, even to the point of reviling it.

WHY, one asks, must this perverse attitude of resistance to the new persist in human nature? For years we have been striving to encourage, develop, produce an American music. When some one gives us a music which may or may not be American (whatever that is or ought to be), but which is beyond the shadow of a doubt a new, vital, propulsive kind of sound, musical snobbery is up in arms against it, and the old deadly steam-roller of classical routine goes over the achievement and extinguishes it. In one breath our *intelligentsia* are deploring the fact that our art is a mere sterile replica of European standards, and then when we produce something that is individually spicy and racy and partially indigenous, the same *intelligentsia* throw up their hands in holy horror because the affair does not ap-

proximate European standards. "This is all right in so far as it goes," they say; "but keep it in its proper environment. Segregate jazz; it belongs to the cabaret; how dared it knock at the doors of the sacred temples of sound!"

It is time some one had the courage to call emphatic attention to the counterfeit quality of this attitude. It is not genuine. It is bogus. It is the attitude of artistic social climbers, not sure of themselves. The blue-blood, to-the-manner-born musical aristocrat should be able to enjoy jazz in its proper proportion as he enjoys the third act of "Tristan" in its proper proportion. Unfortunately, most persons are incapable of independent reactions. They cannot estimate a thing for whatever degree of particular intrinsic merit the thing may possess. They are dependent on signposts and preconceived ideas. Their opinions are formed through a sort of Social Register, so to speak, of the artistic proprieties. When Chabrier's "España" is played at Carnegie Hall, it is "good" music. If the tunes upon which it is based were heard at the Biltmore, they would be "popular" music. When Stravinsky adroitly exploits a number of ordinary Russian tunes in his "Patroushka," the affair is hailed as an outstanding event in the history of music. When Gershwin is alleged to have done the same thing in his Piano Concerto, something is said about Tin Pan Alley, and the matter is dismissed as of negligible importance.

As a matter of fact, the Gershwin Concerto has no more to do with jazz than the Grieg Concerto has to do with Norwegian folk music. It is not to be viewed condescendingly, as an interesting experiment or a freak exhibition; it is an assured accomplishment; and, as Mr. Walter Damrosch pointed out in conversation with the present writer, it can hold its own with universal competition. Emphasis should be laid upon this point. Let us forget jazz and Tin Pan Alley (wherever precisely that is), and the fact that Mr. Gershwin wrote "Oh, Kay," and judge this composition as we would judge a composition of Honegger's or Stravinsky's or some one else's. It may then become clear that Gershwin has given us one of the few gestures of vivid, enticing sound that music has had to offer since Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps."

PLAIN speaking of this sort may be looked upon as evidence of a critical instability on the part of the writer. But some one has got to come out in the open, whole-heartedly and fearlessly, if music in this country is to be saved from

the deadening influences of class distinction, of conventionality, of academic snobbery and hair-splittings. It is a fallacy to believe that a genuine musical beauty will survive on its merits alone. Grieg, one of the most penetratingly beautiful harmonists of all time, is seldom, if ever, played by the professional musician. Grainger, one of the most



Keystone

George Gershwin

fervent, potential, natural musical talents we have to-day, is still tethered to his reputation as the composer of "Country Gardens" or "Irish Tune." Shall we allow this inequitable kind of fate to impede Gershwin?

Unfortunately, there is every reason to predict that Gershwin will not receive sufficient encouragement to "carry on," as we say. We shall probably continue our fulsome habit of overlooking a genius in the hand while we are searching for problematic geniuses in the bush. It is a way we have. Only a short time ago I read in one of our prominent magazines an article consisting of elaborate surmises as to the inception and growth of some problematic future American music; and a little later on Mr. Henderson quoted the article with eulogistic comment. What the writer of the article was driving at is more than I know; for I could find nothing but a series of highly theoretical and philosophic speculations, without a single concrete and specific reference or recommendation. I move that we let the future take care of itself, and give our attention to the present. Then we may come to appreciate the vivid aptness of a cinema score such as that supplied "The Big Parade," for example, or the

twang of a kind of raw, harsh beauty that we hear in Gershwin at his top-notch.

IN conclusion, it is hardly necessary to point out that no one in his sober senses suggests that the Gershwin Concerto should be placed on a par with Bach or Brahms or Beethoven. The claim is made, however, that if you were to hear Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" or this Concerto with an absolutely unprejudiced pair of ears, you would concede that this music is rattling good fun, to begin with, and fascinating, at times exquisite music, to end with. It is not going too far to say that, even including the Rachmaninoffian melody in the strings, there is nothing in all music quite like the second movement of this Concerto. Not beautiful in the classic or romantic sense, it yet possesses a peculiarly hoarse, tart, stunted charm that touches at least the exclusive finger-tips of an alien loveliness. One may not soon forget its far-off stuttering trumpet, and the spruce, jaunty piano passage that follows.

Here is a piece of music generated, if you will, by jazz, but valuable intrinsically as a thing in itself. Its virtues are threefold: it has charm, it is technically expert, and it has used jazz merely as a spring-board from which to project itself into the mystical areas of a distinct individuality. It is not essentially American in the sense that Thanksgiving Day or Fourth of July are essentially American. It is not American in the sense that a song of Stephen Foster's is American. It is music of the pavement rather than of the soil. In so far as it at times affiliates with the jazz spirit, it is the Negro exploited by the Jew. But it is, in company with the collective popular music of our time, the one unmistakably live impulse in contemporary music. And there is grave reason to believe that such an impulse, from whatever source it comes, is indispensable to the present well-being of music. Scan the entire musical horizon to-day, and no single vital, dominating figure is in sight. Ravel, in France, appears to have touched the summit of his talent in his exquisite and entrancing, if somewhat sophisticated "La Valse." Stravinsky has done nothing of significance since his memorable "Sacre du Printemps," which work, incidentally, appears more and more to have been the outcome of a fortuitous experimentation rather than the inevitable expression of a consistently unfolding genius. I cannot agree with those persons who look hopefully towards Bloch; his "Israel"

Symphony seemed to me to be merely in line with music's tiresome modern tendency in the direction of extreme and illegitimate inarticulateness. Music, I believe, is going to seed. Preoccupation with tonal and harmonic complexity has rendered it an alien and artificial thing. It must be taken out of the sacrosanct confines and superrefinements of phil-

osophic theory, of technical hair-splitting, and given an airing. It is in need of revitalization. Never a believer in the national music idea to the fallacious extent to which some persons carry it, I yet suggest the advisability of a blood transfusion, so to speak, and recommend for this purpose a recognition of the merits and importance of so-called popu-

lar music. In the case of Gershwin, I do not know whether he has the cultural inheritance, the artistic morale, to grow largely and finely. But by all means let us give him his chance. It is to be hoped that progressive musicians like Mr. Stokowski, Mr. Sakoloff, Mr. Reiner, and so on will interest themselves in this work.

What They Think of Us

A Survey of Europe's View of America in 1926

By HOMER CROY

AMERICANS were less popular in Europe last year than ever before. Heretofore, when we have gone abroad, we have been popular—the rich uncle come home to have a good family visit—an uncle sure to have lots of presents in his trunk. But last year when uncle went abroad he found no warm embrace waiting him on the doorstep—the whole family didn't rush upstairs to show him his bed in the spare room with all the family stitchwork on it. For all they cared, he could sleep on the sofa.

As an American who has spent his summer abroad for three years, I may be allowed a few words on the subject. The change evident in 1926 interested me greatly.

Much of the misunderstanding that came about during 1926 was due to the wrong conception that Europe has of America. And much of this misunderstanding was due to the newspapers. European newspapers print five kinds of American news, and they play the same tune over and over.

CABLE tolls are expensive, and only the biggest newspapers go in for them and get anything approximating a general and unbiased view of America. The lesser papers "high spot" our news, and this is the way it runs:

First. Prohibition, or the lack of it. An instance about a girl bootlegger being caught in Texarkana will be given as much space as a Cabinet measure.

Second. Crime. Herrin, Illinois, Cicero, and others of our American sore spots figure in European papers as much as Philadelphia or Chicago. We lead the world in crime, but it is not so bad as Europe thinks. The popular idea there is that when an American business

man closes the door behind him of a morning he is really going over the top, and that whenever the telephone rings during the day the wife trembles so that she can hardly get to it.

Third. Divorce. The idea over there is that Americans take marriage little more seriously than they would house-hunting. One of the popular jokes by a famous vaudeville team in London is this:

"'Arry. Did you hear about Alf? He's been married three times.

"'Arriet. My word! Three times?

"'Arry. Yes, twice in earnest and once in America."

Fourth. Movie star news. Europe has a real interest in our movie stars from seeing them so constantly on the screen, and gobbles up anything about that world; and so, if a Hollywood extra figures in the day's news, it is played up as the startling doings of another cinema actress, and people who never heard of her before nor will ever hear of her again think she's typical of our movie queens.

Fifth. Our material prosperity. That is a tune played day after day. And it does little to warm a welcome for us.

There is little news in European papers of our political and diplomatic life, little about our science or medicine or discoveries, or what we are thinking or reading or saying; as a result, the popular idea of an American is a grotesque *nouveau riche* who is running wild.

The news they get about us is not so much inaccurate as it is wrongly stressed; they see only one side of the picture, and as a result what they read doesn't tend to endear us to their hearts. From an editorial standpoint their editorialists have a theme that is inexhaustible; it is that we have the money

of the world, that we are grinding them down, and that we stubbornly resist what any clear-headed person would see at a glance—that we should cancel their indebtedness. If the editorial writers of Europe had to give up that subject and not write a line about it for a year, the repression could only result in disaster. I shudder at the holocaust.

England

THE English like us as individuals, but they don't think much of us as a nation. We are a country cousin who has "struck ile" and is swaggering all over the drawing-room.

The United States is steadily forging ahead to an inevitable challenge to British industrial and commercial supremacy, and the feeling in England is that we have already all the money and are going to have still more. And also at the same time they have to pay off their debts, and with the money they are paying us we are carrying off their old masters and their sixteenth-century fireplaces. If England wants to raise money to buy a famous relic or historical building which it hasn't paid much attention to for some time, all that the people behind the movement have to do is to say that a rich American is trying to buy it to carry it off to the United States and, presto! chango! The money is raised. It never fails.

And still the debt paying to the rich Americans must go on. This, in effect, is the way the London "Times" puts it: "We are paying you our debts; don't ask us to like it."

This, boiled down, is England's point of view on the debt situation:

1. We didn't borrow the money from you Americans for ourselves, but for our allies.
2. Other countries owe us more than

we owe you; we offered to cancel all debts, but you wouldn't listen.

3. You treat other countries more generously than you do us.

4. We treat the countries who owe us money better than you do us. It's not sporting, y' know.

But with all that, 1926 found England our best friend in Europe. Cousins are notably jealous and fault-finding, but, if it came to a scratch, England would do more to help us than any other country in the world.

France

The year 1926 found Americans more unpopular in France than in any other country in Europe. The French thought a lot more of us in 1925 than they did in 1926, and *beaucoup* more of us in 1917 than in 1925. The reason for the recent change is very simple. The Frenchman is a thrifty soul; at the bottom of his heart he loves money more than any other person in Europe, and he has got more stirred up over the debt settlement than any of the European countries owing us money. My opinion is that if we suddenly rubbed the slate clean France would kiss us on both cheeks and invite us for a week-end—which would

make an historical occasion for a Frenchman.

Germany

We were more popular in Germany during 1926 than in any other country in Europe. When a person signed the register in a German hotel and they saw U. S. written after his name, they went out of their way to be nice to him. One reason is that Germany never bore us any deep war grudge; it never really took our entry into the war seriously; and, practically speaking, it has forgotten that we were ever in it. Germans remember that the American Expeditionary Forces were friendly and the least demanding of any they had to deal with. Also the German is a good business man; he can forget the late unpleasantness if it will help business along. He knows that he owes us money on account of the war, but he knows also that our bill was the mildest of any that came in after the operation.

Italy

Italy had two minds about us last year. She looked upon us as driving a hard bargain, and also she didn't care for our attitude about Italian emigration; once we had been so generous

toward her straying sons, but now we have slammed the door in their faces. But, on the other hand, we received with acclaim her great national hero, Mussolini. As long as we took him to our hearts, almost anything else could be forgiven.

Rumania

Rumania came on the scene in 1926, and was all enthusiasm for America. Why, the Queen was a better commercial traveler than the Prince of Wales. The managers of the royal Court were astonished by the number of automobiles, platinum watches, and egg-beaters that the Queen brought back. America, on the other hand, watched the old year out and the new one in, with its ear to the telephone wondering if it would get a call about a bond issue.

The Balkans

What's the chance of getting a loan?

Turkey

Why didn't you ratify the Lausanne Treaty?

What will Europe's attitude be toward us for 1927?

That is something that lies only among the pages of the new calendar.

The Lion in the Lobby

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

AT a little after eleven o'clock on January 19, Senator Deneen, of Illinois, addressing the presiding officer of the United States Senate, said, "Mr. President, Colonel Smith is present, and I ask that he be now sworn in." Thus was precipitated again the question, How far may the Senate go in judging of the qualifications of its own members?

Frank L. Smith, presenting credentials as Senator-designate by appointment by the Governor of Illinois, was not seated. The Senate did not deny his right to a seat, but simply stood him aside until the Committee on Privileges and Elections could examine into the facts and report. Those who for two days fought to admit him did not propose to concede his right to a seat, but simply to let him come in and sit as a Senator until the Committee on Privileges and Elections could establish and report the facts.

To the layman this may seem to "divide a hair 'twixt north and northwest side," but it was more than that—at that point. The subdivision of the hair came later on.

There was nothing new about what either side was trying to do. The question was:

I hear a lion in the lobby roar!

Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door

And keep him out, or shall we let him in,

And see if we can get him out again?

THAT question was old when Charles Sumner argued for keeping the big brute out, old when Stephen A. Douglas argued for letting him in, old when Daniel Webster read the lines above quoted into the record, probably old—in the British Parliament—when the lines were written.

There are twin mountains of prece-

dent—a mountain on each side. Senator Deneen cited twenty-nine cases for seating Smith. Senator Walsh, of Montana, cited almost, if not quite, as many for investigating Smith before deciding whether to seat him or not.

There is no preponderance of precedent on either side. The Senate has let many lions in. It has kept many out. And it has done first one and then the other straight down to the present. It let Brookhart, of Iowa, in, and then succeeded in getting him out again. It kept Nye, of North Dakota, out—and, after investigating, took him in for good.

The Smith case is, however, not on all fours with any that preceded it, and therefore none of the numerous precedents is wholly applicable.

Smith came with an appointment from the Governor of Illinois to fill out an unexpired term. The charge against him (that of having violated the law and good morals by accepting large contri-

butions for his primary campaign from a public utilities magnate while he himself was head of the Public Utilities Commission) applied not to his appointment but to his election—or, rather, to his nomination—for a full term beginning with the next Congress. Exactly that situation has not existed before.

The charge against Smith had been investigated by a select committee of the Senate. That committee had reported. The Senate had official information of the facts, which it had never had in any of the earlier cases.

AFTER all, the question debated was this: Is the Constitutional power of the Senate to judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members an unlimited power; or is it a power strictly limited to the qualifications specified in the Constitution?

The question began to assume that form pretty definitely toward the end of the first day of the debate, when Glass, of Virginia, interrupting Lenroot, of Wisconsin, forced the admission that, from the defense position, the power conferred upon the Senate does not extend beyond the question of age, citizenship, and residence.

"Then," retorted Glass, "it is idiocy."

It somewhat more definitely assumed that form when, first, Neely, of West Virginia, gained from Moses, of New Hampshire, and, later, Robinson, of Arkansas, gained from Watson, of Indiana, the statement that the Senate would have to admit a violent lunatic or a virulent leper if lunatic or leper came with proper credentials.

Walsh, of Massachusetts, had earlier admitted voluntarily the extreme to which the other contention might be carried. Conceivably, he said, the Senate might disqualify an applicant because of objection to the cut of his clothes.

Those who sought to admit Smith made their last stand on this contention:

That, when a Senator elect or designate comes with credentials regular on their face, the Senate may not inquire as to his qualifications but must seat him, though, the minute after seating him, it may expel him by a two-thirds vote.

But, said the other side, Nye came with credentials perfectly regular on their face and was stood aside, most of those voting for standing him aside who now urged admitting Smith. Nye's credentials, replied the Smith advocates, were not regular, because the Governor did not have power to appoint. But, it was objected, that did not appear on the face of the credentials, and it was a question of fact of which the Senate had no official information. No, the defense

replied, it was a question of law, of which Senators might take judicial cognizance. Glass, of Virginia, quietly observed that "the existence of a law is a question of fact." Proved fraud and corruption in Smith's campaign, his opponents contended, certainly went as far to render his credentials irregular as a suspicion of a lack of power to appoint went to render Nye's credentials irregular.

AND so the question came to a vote, Bingham, of Connecticut, and Blease, of South Carolina, still thundering through the hall that the sovereign States were being raped of their sacred rights.

All but four of the Democrats voted to deny the oath to Smith. Those four were Blease and Smith, of South Carolina, Overman, of North Carolina, and Steck, of Iowa. All Republicans of insurgent or even of so-called liberal leanings except Borah voted against the seating of Smith, but with them voted a few stalwarts, Willis and Dale, Jones and Kendrick, Gould and Robinson, Goff and Capper.

The vote was forty-eight to thirty-three. Those who denied to Frank L. Smith the right to enter the Senate chamber lacked five votes of mustering a two-thirds majority.

But a two-thirds majority was not needed. They were not expelling a member, but merely referring to a committee the credentials of a Senator-designate waiting outside the bar of the Senate.

When the question comes back to the floor from the Committee—if it ever does—to keep Smith permanently out of the Senate under his appointment, presumably, only a majority vote will be necessary, but if a two-thirds vote is required, the additional votes can probably be found.

TO those, at least, who view politics through history there has been no queerer spectacle in Washington than that of Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, Yankee to the core, standing, gaunt and stiff and tall, speaking, without gesture but in voice modulated to the best standards of the Emerson School of Oratory, in periods that Webster might have envied, and, with a quavering earnestness that Garrison hardly knew, pleading for a return to the principles of Thomas Jefferson, warning his colleagues that the country is lost without them, proclaiming Frank L. Smith the "ambassador from a sovereign State," warning those who trampled that sovereignty that they did it at their peril.

It was past the middle of the afternoon, and the sun came slant-wise, half-light wise through the opaque skylights. The press gallery is, somehow, drowsy at that time of day, and in the dusk and in the drowse the gaunt gray figure seemed, dimly, that of Jefferson Davis and the time 1860.

Leadership in the fight had, somehow, devolved upon Bingham. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, had undertaken it, but had been driven from the field. Bingham, to be sure, was pounded as mercilessly as was Lenroot or any of the others except, possibly, Watson, of Indiana, and he was bitter at times, but he kept both feet squarely on the floor and fought to a dramatic finish the battle for States' rights.

Deneen, at the outset, had appealed to Stephen A. Douglas for authority and doctrine. Walsh, of Montana, had countered by making the same sort of appeal to Charles Sumner. Through and through, to the bottom and all sides of the skillet, the eggs were scrambled.

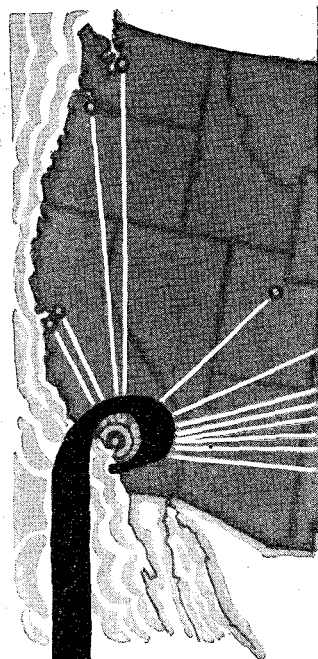
But the opposition to Smith, the Democrats reinforced by a full third of the Republicans, were more fortunate than Smith's defenders. They fought with a united front and under adequate leadership.

Walsh and Reed, of Missouri, hammered with logic and precedent. Glass relieved them with rapier thrusts of wit and quick deduction. Robinson, of Arkansas, the Democratic floor leader, found the weak points in his opponents' armor. Half a dozen others stepped into the forefront of the fight as easily as a football player on a double pass.

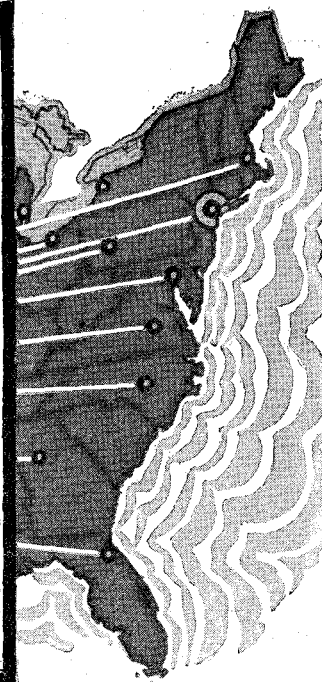
The opposition never grew oratorical—except, of course, when Heflin made his speeches. And then everybody on both sides seemed to relax, to take a breathing spell.

NOW, perhaps, there are to be arguments of a different kind. Frank L. Smith and the State of Illinois, it is said, are to take the case to the courts, to get a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States as to whether the Senate is the judge of those qualifications of its members enumerated in the Constitution and of those qualifications only, or of such qualifications as it wills to prescribe; whether the Senate must accept the certified representative of a State or may turn such a representative back at the door.

Such a decision, if it can be obtained, will be interesting. But will it be more than that? Can one co-ordinate branch of the Government, the judicial, say to another co-ordinate branch, the legislative, what it may or may not do?



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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

IN spite of extravagant claims made by makers of radios and phonographs, there is no reproducing instrument on the market to-day—unless I am greatly mistaken—that covers the full musical range. At present, reproduction of the bass is all comparative. Unless electric pick-up is used, a phonograph can reproduce the lower tones only as the length of its horn or sound-chamber permits. An instrument with a six-foot horn can reproduce tones an octave below the limit of one with a three-foot horn. This is great enough length to achieve astounding effects with 'cellos and even kettle-drums; but the double basses as heard in a symphony orchestra are still out of the picture. Even with electric pick-up, the best tone quality demands a lengthy sound-chamber in preference to a paper cone.

But why should we stop at present lengths? An ideal phonograph, constructed without restrictions as to size and cost, would call for a much longer

horn. Would it not be practical—for the purpose of prestige, if for no other reason—for a manufacturer to design such a machine and build it in small quantities? Such a model need be no bulkier than a piano. Surely there are enough people of musical taste and means, enough conservatories, and enough university music departments to want an instrument of that sort *if its musical excellence justifies its existence*. And it would be splendid propaganda for recorded music as of deeper consequence than merely light entertainment.

Many concert-goers were disappointed when Toscanini, scheduled to conduct several Philharmonic concerts in New York, could not appear on account of illness. The phonograph offers consolation. His incomparable interpretation of the "Scherzo" and "Nocturne" from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" (Brunswick) remains always on call. Would there were more!

Phonograph Records

DANCE, GYPSY! (Czecho-Slovakian Dance Song); **VOLGA BOATMEN SONG.** Sung by Russian Symphonic Choir, conducted by Basile Kibalchich. Victor.

TANTUM ERGO (Gluck), **GLORIA PATRI** (Gretchaninoff); **LORD, HAVE MERCY.** Sung by Russian Symphonic Choir, conducted by Basile Kibalchich. Victor.

The two records above are remarkable both for the music itself and for the way it is sung. There is something strange and altogether lovely about the Russian Symphonic Choir. Its voices have a remarkable quality—especially the resonant basses. Its rhythm is dynamic, contagious. Each phrase has a nervous vitality of its own. Such a shop-worn number as the "Volga Boatmen Song" becomes fresh and wonderful. Gluck's setting of the ancient hymn "Tantum Ergo" is given fascinating treatment, hummed without words. And the music for both the Czecho-Slovakian dance and the Russian chant is worth hearing. The recording is strong and clear. As I understand it, these records are not in the regular Victor catalogue, but are issued as domestic foreign-language records (numbers 20309 and 78390).

TRIO IN C MINOR, Opus 66 (Mendelssohn). Played by Albert Sammons, violin; Lionel Tertis, viola; and William Murdoch, piano. In eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

This trio was written for violin, 'cello, and piano. The 'cello part has been re-scored for viola; whether this is an intrinsic improvement or not is a matter of personal taste. The work is in Mendelssohn's best style. Often it shows the strong influence of Bach; at other times it is pure romanticism. In the first movement are development passages of great beauty. The scherzo contains the same delicate treatment as his "Midsummer-Night's Dream" scherzo. Throughout, the performance is a delight, each individual soloist subordinating himself to the effect as a whole and, by doing so, revealing the full beauties of the trio. Unfortunately, the recording is in no way the equal of the playing. Certainly the quality of the strings leaves much to be desired. One cannot attribute *in toto* to the performers records fairly well, however, and the whole that scraping and rasping tone. The piano

performance more than outweighs the drawbacks.

KREUTZER SONATA, No. 9 in A Major, Opus 47 (Beethoven). Played by Isolde Menges, violin, and Arthur De Greef, piano. In eight parts, on four records. Victor.

Although not a memorable performance, a very capable one has been recorded by Menges and De Greef of Beethoven's brilliant sonata—a composition of which the name is far better known than the music. Evidently the musical director has attempted to overcome a fault too often found in sonata recordings: the faintness of the piano tone in proportion to that of the violin. He has succeeded well—too well, perhaps, for at times the violin almost dies out of hearing. But most of the time the balance is successful, and I am sure phonographists will welcome this emancipation of the piano. The pianoforte timbre is unusually faithful, as well as being clear and strong, in bass and treble alike.

DER FREISCHÜTZ—OVERTURE (Weber). Played by Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Henri Verbrughen. Brunswick.

It is evident that great care is being taken to give the old favorites in orchestral music their turn at the electrical recording process. Not quite two years ago the Minneapolis made a mechanical reproduction of this same work; now it comes out in new dress. To this generation Weber is sadly old-fashioned. The scholarly minded can enjoy the "pre-Wagner" in him—the rest must find solace in his tunefulness. The recording is rich and powerful, but there is a distressing harshness of tone in the *fortissimos*.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE—MARCH: No. 1 in D; No. 2 in A Minor (Elgar). Played by Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Edward Elgar. Recorded at Queen's Hall, London. Victor.

Again we have that feeling of reality which comes from hearing, not only the notes actually played by the orchestra, but the acoustics of the hall in which the performance takes place. Perhaps the echo is too prominent, but at any rate it is better than none at all. The first march, whose familiar theme has long since entered the movie theaters, has a tinge of commonness

In writing to the above advertiser please mention The Outlook

to it. Brass and percussion are overworked. But the second is far different. Its rhythm carries a feeling of unrest. There are bright flashes of color in the orchestration. Its substance is more what we should expect from a musician of Elgar's caliber. And it is brilliantly conducted by the composer, even if the orchestra has not perfect precision.

THE TWO GRENADIERS (Schumann); **MIDNIGHT REVIEW** (Glinka). Sung by Feodor Chaliapin. Victor.

RIGOLETTO—*La donna è mobile* (Verdi); **TOSCA**—*E lucevan le stelle* (Puccini). Sung by Giovanni Martinelli. Victor.

SANTA LUCIA; VIENI SUL MARI (Vergine). Sung by Tito Schipa. Victor.

It is difficult to choose between Chaliapin's recording of Schumann's song and that of Werrenrath, issued recently by Victor—not because they are so alike, but because they are so different. Werrenrath takes the song at a decidedly slower pace. Chaliapin loses some effect by his hurried tempo, but gains it back at the fiery close. For Italian opera sung as only an Italian can sing it, the Martinelli record is a splendid example. There is fine intensity of feeling in "Tosca." Schipa manages to put new beauty into light, familiar tunes.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE—LIEBESTOD (Wagner). Played by San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. Victor.

A fitting sequel to the "Tristan" prelude, already recorded by the San Franciscans. Mr. Hertz gives us an intense reading. In tone, the orchestra has not the purity it should have. I feel that the shortcoming is in the reproduction rather than in the orchestra itself—but it is not pronounced.

ORIENTAL ROMANCE (Rimsky-Korsakoff); **INVOCATION** (Owen-Kreisler). Played by Fritz Kreisler. Victor.

It seems that we are doomed forever to hear tidbits from the man who should and could give us great music in incomparably superb fashion. Kreisler's program for this month, however, is slightly on the upgrade. Both numbers are out of the rut of triteness; the latter especially opens the way for expressive playing. A very charming record.

POET AND PEASANT OVERTURE (von Suppé). Played by Victor Symphony Orchestra. Victor.

Light, melodious, and diverting music, brightly directed by an unnamed conductor.

ADESTE FIDELIS (Simao); **THE LOST CHORD** (Sullivan). Sung by Associated Glee Clubs of America, 2,500 voices, at Sesqui-Centennial Auditorium, Philadelphia. Victor.

This disc is interesting chiefly for its splendid reproduction of a massed body of voices with organ accompaniment. The voices lack the precision a smaller group would have; the four-part arrangement of the hymn is more effective on a former recording of the same chorus (Columbia). But the record is remarkably free from roaring, and the organ bass notes are impressive.

Piano Rolls

PASTORAL SONATA, No. 15 in D Major, Opus 28 (Beethoven). Played by Ignaz Friedman. Duo-Art.

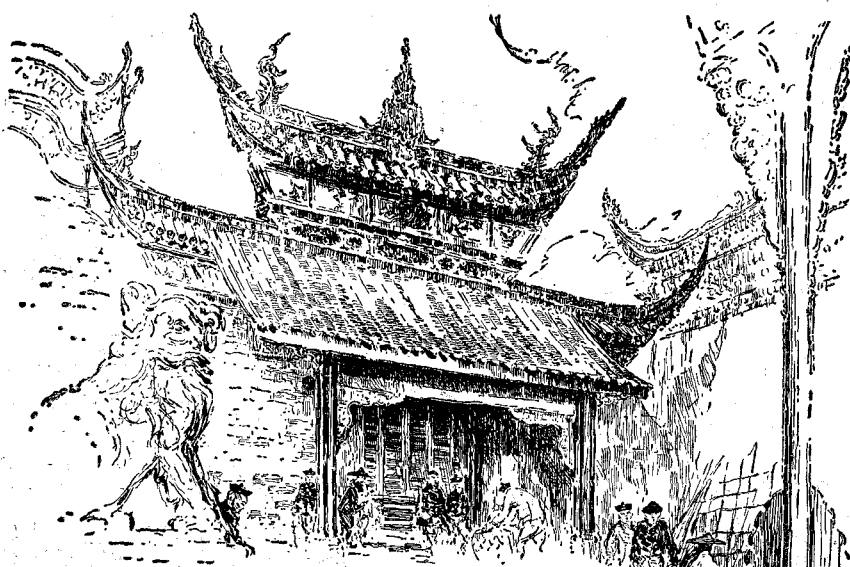
In his "Pastoral Sonata" Beethoven forgoes dramatic intensity for pure joy—from satisfied calm up the scale to hilarity. Friedman's playing expresses with sympathetic understanding this feeling in its various forms. He plays with great richness, almost heaviness, of tone.

GASPARD DE LA NUIT; ONDINE (Ravel). Played by Jacques Jolas. Ampico.

Here Ravel is pleasantly dissonant, not as piercingly so as he can become. His variety of tonal effects suggest modern orchestral tone colors.

POLONAISE NO. 2, E MAJOR (Liszt). Played by Phillip Gordon. Ampico.

A piece that requires superlative gusto. Mr. Gordon achieves this most of the time, and makes good use of contrasting delicacy.



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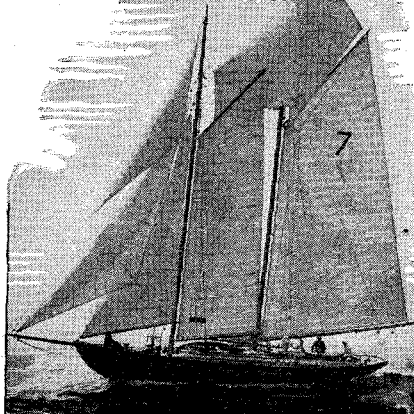
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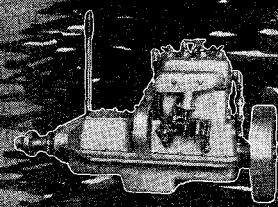
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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

"I Sing the Pioneer"

THE title of this book¹ is accurate: Mr. Guiterman does sing when he makes verses, and he knows the pioneer period of our history, and the other eras as well. It is not necessary to say much about the departing cult of free verse, of polyphonic prose, or of other forms of poetry which had little reason and no rhyme. They made a stir for a few years, and succeeded in winning the questionable title of poet for a number of writers who enjoyed taking their prose compositions and setting them in frequent short paragraphs. This attracted attention, and it was, on the whole, easier than to stand on one's head in the middle of the street—another way to attract attention.

Before this age of mild lunacy, during it, and now that it has almost completely passed, Arthur Guiterman was writing verses which had the two essential qualities: poetic feeling and technical excellence. Many readers of poetry never supposed that a literary composition could lack both these qualities and still be called a poem. Many others, who followed the strange gods for a while, are returning to paths of sanity, with the result that the true singers are more in favor than ever.

I said that Mr. Guiterman was on firm ground when he treated American history. There are few descendants of the Knickerbockers, or of the New England Pilgrims, who know our history as well as this American who by chance (like that which led to the birth of Poe in Boston) was born in Vienna. His parents, who were traveling in Austria, took pains to have his birth registered instantly at the American Legation. He has never been one of those Americans who hope to go to Paris after death, or whose "spiritual home" is in Germany, or whose clock is set by London time. I imagine that he could set out at the mouth, say, of the Hudson River, and travel to its head-waters and discuss intelligently, with any teacher of history, all the points of historical and geographical significance along the route. And what the average teacher could not do he would be able to accomplish. He could walk the larger part of the way, or paddle it in his canoe.

¹I Sing the Pioneer. Ballads of the Making of the Nation. By Arthur Guiterman. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

His versatility is extraordinary, since he is our best writer of light verse, a serious poet with deep and sincere feeling, and a writer of humorous and satiric poems which are so widely known as to



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Arthur Guiterman

be extensively copied and often plagiarized. As a balladist he can range from the rollicking burlesque, "The Quest of the Ribband," in one of his earlier books, to the heroic note of "Quivira," in the present volume.

Francisco Coronado rode forth with
all his train,
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three
hundred spears of Spain,
To seek the rumored glory that path-
less deserts hold—
The City of Quivira whose walls are
rich with gold.

He is the author of one of the most frequently quoted, and most widely purloined, of all *jeu d'esprit* in verse, "Strictly Germ Proof," wherein are set forth the adventures of the Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup. This has been copied and quoted and recopied and requoted and gone around the world any number of times. The last occasion of which I have heard when an editor was imposed upon by a plagiarist who claimed this verse, was when it appeared in the pages of "Punch."

Mr. Guiterman invented and popular-

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ized the "Rhymed Review," which he still writes for "Life"—a feature which "Punch" has been pleased to imitate. His Rhymed Review of Mr. Hichens's "Bella Donna," with its famous last line, is apt to be remembered longer than the novel itself. It is quoted, with appreciative chuckles, wherever authors and critics meet. One of his best satires, in the form of parody, has always seemed to me to be his sad Irish poem "Mavrone."

In "I Sing the Pioneer" he includes a "Lament for the Alamo" with the sonorous refrain of a great dead-march:

Davy Crockett in his woodman dress,
His shirt of the hide of a yearling doe
And his coonskin cap and his rifle,
Bess—
Dead he lies in the Alamo.

Ned the Bee-hunter with the coal-black curls,
Straight as a spear shaft, lithe as a bow,
With a song for the world and a laugh for the girls—
Dead he lies in the Alamo.

At one time or another Mr. Guiterman has mentioned in his poems almost every animal that walks, swims, or flies. In the following stanzas he almost makes me like the cat:

What the Gray Cat Sings

The Cat was once a weaver,
A weaver, a weaver,
An old and withered weaver
Who labored late and long;
And while she made the shuttle hum
And wove the weft and clipped the thrum,
Beside the loom with droning drum
She sang the weaving song:
"Pr-rum, pr-rum,
Thr-ree thr-reads in the thr-rum,
Pr-rum!"

The Cat's no more a weaver,
A weaver, a weaver,
An old and wrinkled weaver,
For though she did no wrong,
A witch hath changed the shape of her
That dwindled down and clothed in fur
Beside the hearth with droning purr
She thrums her weaving song:
"Pr-rum, pr-rum,
Thr-ree thr-reads in the thr-rum,
Pr-rum!"

As far as I am acquainted with his personal peculiarities, they are that he spends a large part of his time outdoors, camping, walking, fishing, or canoeing; he has never considered it necessary to be melancholy; he is fond of cigars; he does not adopt the manner or dress of the professional literary man; and is not one of those artists who profess an in-

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difference to politics and the duties of a citizen. These remarks are made without prejudice, and by one who suffers from a deep sense of ancient wrong, since Guiterman defeats the editor of this section at tennis with a regularity which can only be described as sickening.

It is best that an author, and especially a poet, who is under review should be allowed to speak for himself as much as possible, and especially at the end. Nothing need be said about a poem so exquisite as Guiterman's "Little Ponds." So I shall give my readers the pleasure of reading it, and not intrude any comment.

Little Ponds

Where balsams droop their fragrant boughs

And ferns their fronds,
Below Katahdin idly drowse
The little ponds,

Until the southwind calls, "Awake!"
Or paddles ply,
Or trout come flashing up to take
The scarlet fly.

The little ponds are bright and clear
And soft of brink;
And after twilight when the deer
Come down to drink,

And in their mirrors, coldly pure
The moon is shown,
The moon, each little pond is sure
Loves it alone.

Let not the little ponds be told
That every night
On countless ponds as clear and cold
Their moon is bright!

They do not guess that such things are

For good or ill—
The strange, high ways of moon and star;—
And still, and still,

When hushed feet cross the beaver-dike

And stars are strewn,
Each little pond, Endymion-like,
Enfolds the moon.

And so the little ponds are glad:
They keep their dream
From wintertime when chained is mad
Katahdin Stream,

Through autumn when the maple-tree
Is crimson-leaved.
Oh, happy little ponds to be
So well deceived!

Fiction

TIDES. By Ada and Julian Street. Doubleday Page & Co., New York. \$2.

The growth of Chicago from a gangling youngster to a full-grown giant is a fascinating story involving the lives and fortunes of many men. This novel follows a small group of these men and women through three generations.

The dominant figure is Zenas Wheelock. One of the pioneer settlers of Chicago, he is a fine character, prophetic in his ability to see, among the shadows of coming events, horseless carriages, and future buildings rising above five stories. He is the patriarchal head of a family consisting of a devoted daughter, a bookish son, and a grandson, Allan. The Wheelocks with two or three neighboring families form a nucleus around which gather newcomers to the suburb of Oakland. The interrelated lives of this community, their wranglings over property rights, their loves, jealousies, and quarrels, have had their parallels in every suburb. They have rarely been so sympathetically chronicled.

Allan Wheelock, whose life seems to be a sort of Saint's Progress, and Blanche, the only daughter of the Holdens, are childhood sweethearts. Each grows up to marry some one else, and in the end their realization of what they have lost is a scene of sticky sweetness. The youthful picture lingers of the brilliant, irresponsible Ray Norcross, flaming across Blanche's lonely childhood. Here is clever portraiture. Whether remembered or imagined, the authors have drawn real people in the minor characters who have come and gone with the tides. There are the Shires, who build the biggest house in Oakland, with golden oak glistening inside from floor to ceiling; Mrs. Purnell, the typical match-making mother; Miss Lightner, mistress of the dancing class; and Sophie Schoen, the barber's seductive daughter. In the pictures of their little lives, and in the general description of the period "when the age of unrest began to sweep the country, what with modern fast trains and George M. Pullman's sleeping cars," lie the charm of the book.

The graces, faults, and foibles in the political and social life of the nineties are depicted with a gay humor. One need not have ridden high bicycles, nor seen the Chicago World's Fair, nor remember when ice-cream sodas, chewing-gum, and electric lights were first heard of, to enjoy this finely woven novel of Chicago's pastoral era.

Travel

FORGOTTEN SHRINES OF SPAIN. By Mildred Stapley Byne. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$5.

The author makes us acquainted in very pleasant fashion with sundry little-known and out-of-the-way cloistral glories of old Spain. The publishers are to be congratulated on a fine book. The 67 double-tones from photographs by Arthur Byne are, without exaggeration, magnificent work. Mrs. Byne writes with dignity, charm, unaffected sympathy, and a quiet humor. Her archaeological erudition is evidently profound, but it is drawn on selectively, artistically, so as to entertain, not oppress, the reader. Not a great book, to be sure, but an admirable one; very well suited, say, for a birthday gift.

CARAVANS AND CANNIBALS. By Mary Hastings Bradley. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$5.

There are people who don't like to read travel books; there are people who don't like to read African travel books, in particular. Excellent people, who buy Christmas seals and never beat their wives, will grow stubborn at a photograph of a dead Dik-Dik, Kudu or Kongoni (particularly if the author be holding the animal's head), and it is useless to recommend "Caravans and Cannibals" to them. The authors of these books make special demands on the imagination of their readers. It really is difficult to talk about sitting up all night in a horn boma waiting for lion to one who has never waited an hour or two in a duck blind, and there is little use to speak of a fifteen-day trek to one who has never walked more than five miles in a hot sun.

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If, however, you are able to put yourself even a little in the author's place, if you have ever wasted valuable time in front of Abercrombie & Fitch's window, Mrs. Bradley's book is one you should buy. She and her husband and daughter Alice, aged nine, Professors Scott and Bigelow of the University of Chicago, and Miss Williams, Alice's nurse, went out from Nairobi across the mountains beyond Victoria Nyanza to the Belgian Congo, skirted down the far side of those mountains to Kigoma, and thence back through Tanganyika Territory to Dar-es-Salaam, arriving there with fifteen hundredweight of ivory, numerous rhino, buffalo both red and black, lion skins, assorted antelope, and a speaking acquaintance with several cannibal chiefs.

Nervous persons might fear for little Alice Bradley among these confirmed meat-eaters, but she seems to have thrived on the experience—a most attractive child, from her photographs; and when we realize that at the age of ten, with two African trips to her credit, she has written no books, our admiration for her and her parents becomes something stupendous.

Mrs. Bradley is well equipped to take care of that end of the family's business, being the author of several detective stories besides her book on their previous expedition, with the late Carl Akeley, in search of gorillas. She has remembered not only her own experiences—you will like the hunt for the bull elephant with crossed tusks—but the tales of old settlers and hunters that they met. There was, for instance, the Government elephant killer at Nairobi with the strangely husky voice. He had wounded an old one-tusked bull that stamped his gun bearer to death, and found the mad brute's trunk twisting round his neck to pull his head off. Surely he deserves the tabloid prize for the year's Most Embarrassing Moment! Read the book yourself; if you have ever fancied yourself in a sun helmet, you will enjoy it.

History

EUROPE SINCE WATERLOO. By William Stearns Davis. The Century Company, New York. \$6.

This volume contains over 900 pages, and it tells in direct and readable fashion the story of one hundred and four years of European history—from the departure of Napoleon I for St. Helena to the signing of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. Dr. Davis is a trained and careful historian, but he is also the master of a clear and interesting style. He is refreshingly free from pedantry, from involved thought, and from affectations which sometimes infest the books of college teachers.

The book is especially interesting and valuable in the sections dealing with the causes of the Great War and with the war itself. The author was not prejudiced against Germany, but he cannot absolve her of blame in beginning the war in as easy a fashion as do some of the Teutonized histories now being written by American professors. That Wilhelm II and his Chancellor deliberately plotted the war to begin in August, 1914, he disbelieves; that they were guiltless he also disbelieves. He defends, with certain exceptions, the territorial clauses of the Versailles Treaty; he denounces its economic sections as impossible of execution. The severity of its terms, as a whole, he rightfully ascribes as due to the Germans themselves, and to the ruthlessness of their conduct of the war. The incidents which are so conveniently forgotten, or waved aside by such advocates of Germany as Professor Barnes, are not smothered by Dr. Davis. He remarks that at the very moment when Austria was crying for peace and Germany seeking to open negotiations the submarines were destroying passenger ships and killing non-combatants. The sinking of the packet-



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steamer Leinster (October 10, 1918), with a loss of 408 persons, was one of the incidents which "go far to explain the iron mood with which the Allied representatives went to the Peace Conference at Paris and listened to appeals for leniency."

These playful little exploits of the Germans are now conveniently ignored when pathetic professors wish to paint an innocent Germany, crushed beneath the heel of the tyrannical Allies.

Music

WORDS AND MUSIC: A BOOK OF BURLESQUES. By Sigmund Spaeth. Simon & Schuster, New York. \$1.50.

It is hopeless to attempt to review this book. The effort only leads to despair and frustration. The best advice, the perfect review, is to say: Get it and play it. There has been no such gorgeous musical foolery since Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Bluebeard." Trace on your piano the permutations of "Yankee Doodle" as it becomes a Händel chorale ("Now Yank We Our Doodle"), a MacDowell "To a Wild Yankee Doodle," a Debussy "Yanquée d'Oudle" arabesque, and a lachrymose snatch from the Tchaikovsky "Pathetic Yankee Doodle Symphony." If your German diction is good, assail the Wagnerian version of "Jack and Jill:"

Krach! ging der Kopf
des Hanschen Kaput,
kolossal!
und Hila fiel heftig herunter,
hilflos dahinter!
Ho-yo, to ho!

This last, Mr. Spaeth explains, is a direct quotation from "Die Walküre" and should finish with a shout. "Don't be half-hearted about this. Remember, Wagner is Wagner, and a good performance should be heard at least two blocks away." If the neighbors prove restive, it will be better to try the Debussy version. This is all that there is of most sad, and concludes plaintively, "Et Jille tombait après, c'est vrai, c'est vrai."

Dogs

REAL DOGS. Compiled by Charles Wright Gray. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.50.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE DOG. By Florence Ayseough. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.

There have been so many compilations lately that before long some enterprising person will bring out an "Anthology of Anthologies." Not the least important contribution to such a volume would be the collected stories in "Dawgs" and "Real Dogs." In the latter of these books Mr. Gray has again collected a representative number of stories about dogs, by some of their ablest biographers. No group of dog stories would be complete without one by Albert Payson Terhune. His collies, like the present "Lochinvar Bobby," with their "ancestral love for the one man they choose to be their god," are as fine as they are familiar. In the first story, "Allegheny," by John Taintor Foote, Greek joins Greek when the white and brindle bull terrier, named for the river he escaped as a pup, fights a good fight to the finish with the "Terrible Turk." The contribution by Donn Byrne is a romantic story of how the last of the Great Hounds of Ireland came home. These are character studies of dogs of great faith and intelligence and sorrow; dogs of prowess and might; and dogs of humor. There is even a little brown dream dog, a story with the flavor of "Peter Ibbetson," by Gouverneur Morris. Most original is P. G. Wodehouse's tale of the turning of the tables on "A Very Shy Gentleman" by his unconsciously humorous dog.

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Fei, noblest of the "short-mouthed laughing dogs," is a dog of parts. Proud of his ancient Lo-sze lineage, and a scholar of distinction in his familiarity with Chinese poetry, his preference for such food as "golden carp, flakes of rose hibiscus fowl, and raven fish eggs" show him to be an aristocrat at the breakfast table.

The memoirs of this little Chinese dog are an amusing cloak for his "missus's" impressions of China. It is a cloak of many colors. The illustrations of Yo Fei, whether lying in his basket, going down to the sea in ships, or only "sitting an expectant sit," by his aunt Lucille Douglass, are as delightful as the accompanying text.

Collecting

AMERICAN GLASS. By Mary Harrod Northend. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$5.

The learned and vigorous author of this book died a few weeks ago, and her death will be lamented by many who read her books on old houses, old furniture, and all the historical and antiquarian subjects upon which she wrote so many admirable books.

This is a well-illustrated book upon old American glass—a subject of interest to a widening circle of collectors.

Children's Books

HORSES NOW AND LONG AGO. By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$3.

Intended as this book is for children between the ages of eight and twelve, it is almost impossible for The Outlook to review it fairly, since it is our policy to admit no reviewers under eighteen, unless accompanied by parents or guardians. When it is seen as through a glass, darkly, it can be said that any child who has read this book carefully will have learned a great deal, not only about horses, then and now, but also about the California emigration of '49; the battle of Tours; the Erie Canal; the principle of feudalism; Mohammed; evolution; Charles Martel, the Hammer of God; Ferdinand De Soto; and the difference between a barouche and a fringe-top surrey. There are many illustrations, maps, and poems. About the poems we will maintain a hurt silence. The best of the illustrations are reproductions of old photographs and drawings; others have been laboriously copied by the fearless, if slightly wobbly, fingers of the author herself.

A great many children like things like that. Boys in particular, about the age of fourteen, have an appetite for miscellaneous information that is simply appalling, and they will appreciate the things Lucy Sprague Mitchell knows about horses. Again there are many children partial to the manner in which these stories are told: "Stand in your stalls, big work horses. Stand in your stalls, swift saddle horses. Stand in your old familiar places in the heavy raftered barn while you can and pull down big mouthfuls of hay. Stand with the stanchions over your heads, you milch cows, and listen to the milk squirt, squirting into the pail. Hard times are ahead, patient friendly cows and horses!" There are books entirely in this vein that some children cannot get enough of, but it seems to a disillusioned adult that children interested in the evolution of the eohippus may not care for this manner of describing it, and *vice versa*.

The story of Black Bess, the Morgan mare, has been read to a young gentleman of seven, who listened attentively for some time, and at the point quoted above stirred uneasily, and murmured, "Clap hands, here comes Charley!" There was no explanation.

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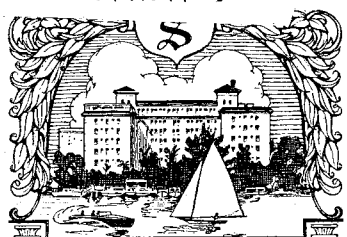
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1927
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By the Way

A POLITICIAN is a man who represents other people's convictions but his own interests.

Teacher: "How would you tell the height of a tower by means of a barometer?"

Bright boy: "I'd lower the barometer from the top of the tower and then measure the rope."

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, formerly of Brooklyn, and more or less of the North Pole, who is sequestered in the United States Penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth for misuse of the mails in selling unproductive oil stocks, is editor of the Leavenworth "New Era," the prison paper. In his last number he advocates the colonization of Juan Fernandez, the so-called "Crusoe's Island," as a refuge for those spirits who have to be too closely confined in the United States. Incidentally, he says he wants to get OUT—like Sterne's starling: "Out into the wide, open space, with a chance for a bigger, better, larger life."

A Missouri newspaper remarks: "Lot's wife had nothing much on Mrs. Dave Kirk. The former looked back and turned into a pillar of salt; Mrs. Dave looked back and turned into a telephone pole."

From "Life:"

Itinerant fishmonger: "Here's some fresh oysters, lady; nice fresh oysters—fifty cents and seventy-five cents."

Careful housewife: "What is the difference in the oysters?"

Fishmonger: "Oh, there isn't any difference, only some people like to pay fifty cents and some like to pay seventy-five."

A quotation from a quaint book-marker as reported in "Christian Life:"

"Mother, I've found an old dusty thing

High on the shelf—just look!"

"Why, that's a Bible, Tommy, dear;

Be careful—that's God's book!"

"God's book!" the child exclaimed.

"Then, mother, before we lose it

We'd better send it back to God,

For you know we never use it!"

A Pat and Mike story which we haven't heard before:

"Which would yez rather be in, Pat—an explosion or a collision?" asked Mike.

"In a collision," replied Pat.

"Why?"

"Because in a collision, there yez are; but in an explosion, where are yez?"

This bit of Frank Swinnerton's in the New York "Times" is worthy of quotation:

"I dislike the cinema greatly; I hate it. I have a theory about people that you may not like. Many of them have a pool of treacle somewhere in their middle, and when they're moved in a cheap way the treacle, thick and glutinous and wholly disgusting, comes out. People slightly drunk or slightly in love dribble it. They think they are talking sentiment. It's horrid. It's emotion without imagination, sticky and soft."

From the Louisville "Courier-Journal:"

"Well, Algy, I hear you have taken up walking, as the doctor ordered. How does it go?"

"Seems a bit awkward at first, without a windshield."

Notice the unconscious satire aimed at our President's native State contained in the last sentence of this clipping from the Utica "Daily Press:"

"Motorists are especially interested in the news that the New York and Vermont joint bridge commissions have selected the Fort Frederick-Chimney Point site as the location for the Champlain bridge, and that a bill will be presented soon after the opening of the Legislature to carry the authorization to get the project started. The commission considered seven bridge locations, and finally decided on the Chimney Point-Fort Frederick site as the one most feasible. On the American side a new highway is marked for construction during the coming year, and on the Vermont side direct highways lead north and south."

"Did you ever use money in politics?" Senator Sorghum of the Washington "Star" was asked.

"Never!" protested the Senator. "That is to say, none of my own."

An anagram from J. B. Ely, of Davy, West Virginia: Five words of five letters each are needed for completion. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week.

The poets put such — of truth in verse,
The wets — dries so oft with vengeful curse,

The statesmen such small — still rehearse,

That doubt — this lamentation terse:
"These — than any else are surely worse."

Answer to last week's anagram: "Rustle," "luster," "lurest," "rulest," and "re-sult."

In writing to the above advertisers please mention The Outlook

Contributors' Gallery

ELSIE SINGMASTER's delightful stories frequently appear in the "Saturday Evening Post," "Atlantic Monthly," "Century," and "Pictorial Review," as well as in The Outlook. She has



also published several books for boys and girls and "The Life of Martin Luther." Among her novels are "Katy Gaumer," "Basil Everman," "Ellen Levis," and "The Hidden Road." As one might guess from the locale of her stories, she is a native of Pennsylvania.

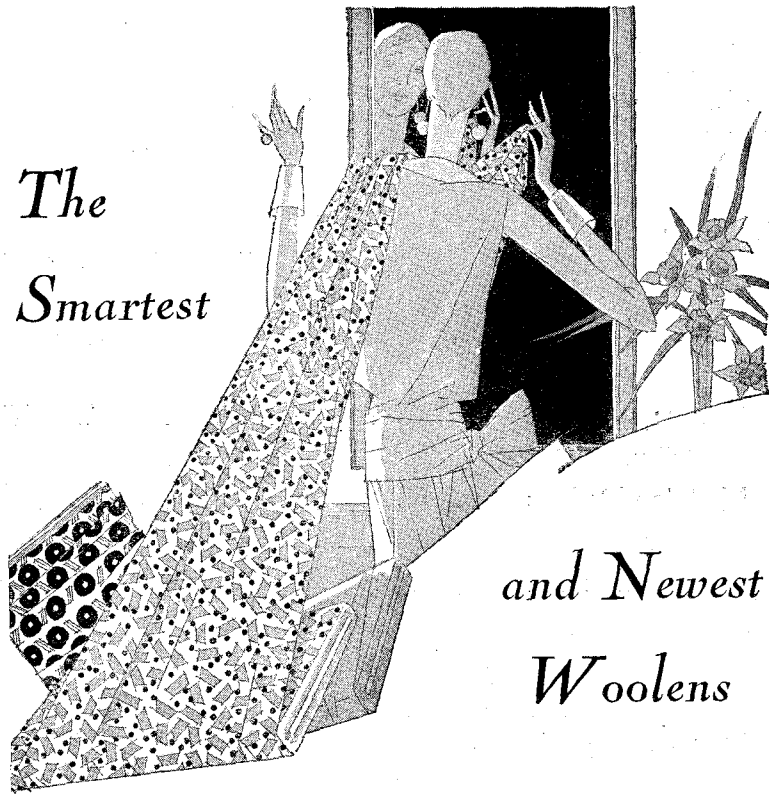
THE article in this issue on "The Melting-Pot That Cracked" is the first of two articles by Count Leo Tolstoy to be published in The Outlook. Later both articles will be incorporated in a book he is completing on "The Destiny of Russia." Count Tolstoy is the third son of the great Russian writer and was born in Russia in 1869. He is a sculptor and writer, and since the Revolution has resided for the most part in Paris. He now makes his home in New York. His book "The Truth About My Father" has been translated into many languages. He is also the author of novels, plays, short stories, and books for children.

In his early manhood he was more strongly influenced by his father's ideals than any other member of his family; but in later years, while always remaining a great admirer of his father's views, wide travel and contact with the world caused him to modify some of his extreme opinions. He was one of the first to advise Czar Nicholas II to give Russia a new Constitution and to improve the condition of the peasants. During the war he worked with the Red Cross in Poland.

IN this issue Charles K. Taylor turns his attention to an American school. His series on English schools, which has just been concluded, makes his views of special interest.

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN in this week's issue writes of the movies; his last article in The Outlook dealt with jazz. Mr. Buchanan is well known to our readers as a critic who combines sound classical appreciation with an open-minded willingness to accept the best modern tendencies in the arts.

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and Newest Woolens

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